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Single Numbers of *THE LIVING AGE*, 18 cents.

OLD LETTERS.

My letters ! written in my earnest boyhood
To one who left us but the other day,
And I am sitting here, and try to read them
Through tears I do not care to brush away.
Tears for my friend, and tears, ah ! much more
bitter,

For him, myself, the self that is as dead
As he to whom these faded things were written,
E'er youth and trust had from my living fled.

It was myself, remember that, who wrote them,
Read them once more, and note the noble
life,

The vast endeavor, and the desperate struggle
To rise above the grovellers in the strife ;
The sacrifice of self for good of others ;
The passion at the sufferings of the poor ;
The angry fight 'gainst pride, and sin, and
riches ;

The looking onward when the prize was sure.

Ours too the hands to ease the overladen,
Ours the strong voices whose sweet words
of truth

Should e'er compel a hearing from the people
Who now but scoffed at our impetuous
youth.

The world, awakened, soon would grow much
better,

Soon sin and sorrow, dying in the dust,
Would vanish from the earth before the sun-
light

Flashed from our swords, whose blades
—should never rust.

Yet he is dead, and I am old and tired,
I do not care if all the world be sin ;
I listen dully to my sons' loud vaunting

Of that bright future they are sure to win.
Ah ! burn the letters. As they fall to ashes
Methinks they're like our fading mortal

dreams,
Words upon words, and little of fulfilment
Of all was promised by our youth's bright

gleams !

All the Year Round.

FROM THE SICILIAN OF VICORTAI.

THE VIOLET'S GRAVE.

THE woodland ! And a golden wedge
Of sunshine slipping through !
And there, beside a bit of hedge,
A violet so blue !

So tender was its beauty, and
So douce and sweet its air,
I stooped, and yet withheld my hand, —
Would pluck, and yet would spare.

Now which were best ? — for spring will pass
And vernal beauty fly —
On maiden's breast or in the grass,
Where would you choose to die ?

SUMMER EVE.

IT is the hour when all things rest :
The sun sits in the bannered west,
And looks along the golden street
That leads o'er ocean to his feet.

Sea-birds with summer on their wing
Down the wide west are journeying,
And one white star serenely high
Peeps through the purple of the sky.

O sky, and sea, and shore, and air,
How tranquil are ye now, and fair !
But twice the joy ye are were ye,
If one that's dead companioned me.

A DEDICATION.

LIKE spray blown lightly from the crested
wave

To glitter in the sun,
So from my heart love gave
These airy fancies to the eyes of a be-
loved one.

But who shall guess
From the blown foam that in the sunbeam
shines

What secret stores there be
Of unsunn'd sea ?
Ah ! how much less

The depths of what I feel from these poor
broken lines

I dedicate to thee !

FELIX, FELIX TER QUATERQUE !

SHOUT and sing, ye merry voices
Of the mountain forest free !

What, but late, were jarring noises

Now as music are to me !

Earth in bridal bloom rejoices,

Heaven benignly bends to see !

He, beloved of her his choice is,

Blest of all the boys is he !

Blest of all the world of boys is

He that's telling this to thee !

Shout and sing, ye merry voices !

Fill the forest with your glee !

REFLECTED HEAVEN.

THE mountain-top above the mist

Like summer islands lie :

Now we together both were blest

If thither we could fly.

And you, while at

Your feet I sat,

Would gaze into the skies ;

But I would be

Content to see

Their glory in your eyes.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

Winter is it ? Summer splendor

Never was so fair to see ! —

All because a maiden tender

Gave to-day her heart to me.

Heaven a happy lifetime lend her,

Long, and from all evil free ;

For the graces that commend her

Make her life the life of me.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE MARSHAL DUKE OF SALDANHA.*

CONSIDERING the relative importance of the events with which the Muse of History was occupied during the first half of the century, and the unceasing calls of the greater powers upon her pen, it is no matter of surprise that a small State like Portugal should have dropped out of notice, except when its destinies became temporarily interwoven with those of contending nations who thought fit to make its soil their battle-field. The interest of England in Portuguese affairs began and ended with the Peninsular War; and it was in a listless, languid, *poco curante* manner that we heard of the failure of absolutism in the person of Dom Miguel, and the establishment of a constitutional monarchy in a country to which, with all our indifference, we wished well. Yet it was only after a long and dubious struggle, crowded with stirring incidents, interspersed with curious episodes, and bringing every description of civil and military merit into play, that liberal principles triumphed; and whilst that struggle lasted, qualities were displayed which might have given world-wide fame to many of the actors if a larger or grander stage had been afforded them. Foremost amongst these stands the Marshal Duke of Saldanha, whose reputation has hitherto been involved in a luminous mist or haze which a near connection and ardent admirer has undertaken to clear away.†

This gentleman, the Conde da Carnota, has certainly succeeded so far as regards the military character of his hero. The bare recapitulation of the marshal's exploits cannot well fail to establish his title to an eminent place amongst modern generals; but his claim to be regarded as an

enlightened patriot and statesman is one which has been warmly contested and will not be conceded without dispute. He took the lead in so many subversive changes of government, that the designation of revolution-maker might be as appropriately bestowed on him as that of King-maker on the last of the barons; and the question naturally arises whether, whenever by menaces or direct resort to force, at the risk or cost of insurrection or civil war, he upset a ministry or placed a sovereign under constraint, he was uniformly influenced by exalted motives and kept the public good unceasingly and exclusively in view. This is a question, however, which our readers will be in a situation to decide for themselves, if they are content to follow us in the epitome which, with the aid of the able and spirited work before us, we propose to make of his life and career. The work abounds in materials which illustrate the country and the period, independently of their bearing on the biography.

Saldanha's family, of Spanish origin, was one of unimpeachable nobility. His maternal grandfather was the celebrated Marquis of Pombal; and a king of Castille, a Count Daun, and a Prince de Soubise figure in the ascending line of his pedigree. He was born on the 17th of November, 1790, and christened on the 25th—the prince regent of Portugal and the princess consort being sponsors. His education was carefully superintended by his mother, a woman of remarkable talent, who provided him with the best masters; and he is said to have excelled in mathematics, besides attaining such proficiency in English as to read English authors with pleasure and profit. One of his favorite books was "Sir Charles Grandison." "The marshal (says the biographer) has often assured me how anxious he felt, as a boy, to form his character on such a model as Grandison; which was to aim at being as perfect as possible, in whatever situation of life he might afterwards be placed."

He was destined for the navy, but the original intention was given up, and on the 28th of September, 1805, he entered the army as cadet in the 1st Infantry.

* *Memoirs of the Life and Eventful Career of Field-Marshall the Duke of Saldanha, Soldier and Statesman, with Selections from his Correspondence.* By the Conde da Carnota. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1850.

† The author, Mr. J. Smith Athelstane, was raised to the dignity of "grandee of Portugal," with the title of "Conde da Carnota," by royal decree, dated Lisbon, August 9th, 1870, having been created a Knight Commander of the Order of Christ in 1843. He is the author of the "Marquis of Pombal," which has gone through two editions. He became private secretary in 1835 to the Duke de Saldanha, who married his sister in 1856.

He was promoted to the rank of captain in the same regiment on the 9th of June, 1806, being then under sixteen, and he had just completed his seventeenth year when he was compelled by his military position to take a decided step in politics. Before the end of November, 1807, it had been announced in the *Moniteur* that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign: the regent, with the royal family and court, had embarked for Brazil; the French under Junot were in possession of the capital; and the country seemed in a fair way to become an appendage of the French empire. Many of the nobles gave in their adhesion, and the bulk of the army, including the officers, took service under Napoleon. Saldanha, when the alternative of a change of service or the resignation of his commission was presented to him, immediately resigned; and when the Portuguese army was reorganized to act against the French, he and a brother officer who had followed his example were the only two who were reinstated as of right in the rank which they previously held: a tolerably strong proof that patriotism was rather the exception than the rule.

His forced retirement had not been of long duration. In the course of the following year the population rose in Oporto, Braganza, and other districts against the Napoleonic rule: a Junta was formed; and when (Aug. 1, 1808) Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Mondego Bay, a Portuguese force, about eight thousand, had been got together, prepared to co-operate to the best of their ability. Saldanha acted for a short time on the staff of the commander, General Freire, and then rejoined his regiment. The Convention of Cintra was the unsatisfactory result of the first English expedition; but although baffled and overruled by his military superiors, Sir Arthur managed to bring over the English ministry to his conviction that the expulsion of the French from the entire Spanish peninsula must begin in Portugal; and on the 22nd of April, 1809, he arrived in the Tagus with an army which at the end of a week, including allies and reinforcements, amounted to thirty-five thousand. Of

these fifteen thousand were Portuguese.* The command of the Portuguese army had been offered to him before he left England, and at his request it was conferred on General (afterwards Lord) Beresford, who brought it to a state of efficiency which justified him in declaring in an "order of the day" that "Europe will see and honor the virtues of the Portuguese nation reflected in its army." Lord Wellington after the battle of Busaco wrote: "The time has been well employed in disciplining them, for they form now the most solid foundation for the hopes we have of freeing the peninsula." In the same despatch it is stated that the 1st Infantry (Saldanha's regiment) "showed great steadiness and gallantry."

The behavior of a battalion led by him is specially commended by an historian of the war. He was already a major, having been promoted over the heads of several captains by the well-earned favor of Lord Beresford, who had been struck by his intelligence, military bearing, and knowledge of his profession. He was present during the Peninsular War at no less than twenty-three actions, including battles and sieges. The day after the second assault of St. Sebastian, he writes to his brother:

I have the satisfaction of telling you, my dear brother, that the Marshal Marquis of Campo Maior (Marshal Beresford) meeting me yesterday, during the assault, complimented me, and said that he had selected me from amongst the lieutenant-colonels on account of the opinion he had of me, etc., etc., etc.; that he had given me the colonelcy of the 13th Infantry, and would give immediate orders that I should at once take the command. I pass over the heads of sixteen or seventeen lieutenant-colonels.

It was in contemplation after the return of Napoleon from Elba to obtain a contingent of Portuguese troops to act with the army under the Duke of Wellington. The project was given up on the refusal of the authorities to send troops out of the country, but whilst it was still pending Marshal Beresford publicly announced that, if only one regiment were to go to Belgium, it should be Saldanha's,

* Gleig, *Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington*, p. 91.

the 13th Infantry, as best fitted to uphold the national reputation.

His next field of action was in the New World; where the revolted Spanish provinces, especially Montevideo under an adventurer named Artigas, were constantly producing insurrectionary movements or carrying on open hostilities against Brazil. On the conclusion of the European peace of 1815 a force called the "Royal Volunteers" was despatched from Lisbon to Rio Grande, and with it went Saldanha, whose precise rank is not stated, but before the war came to an end he had fought or won his way to the front. In 1818 the rank of brigadier and the military Order of Christ were conferred upon him. We are assured that he was adored by his companions in arms of all grades, although a strict disciplinarian of the Wellington and Beresford school, of which an illustration is given by an occurrence whilst his regiment was quartered at Lisbon. The soldiers having got into a habit of applying for leave of absence through ladies, Saldanha issued an order that any soldier who should apply except directly to the colonel should receive twelve lashes. One evening a lady came up to Saldanha at a party, and declared that she had a favor to ask. He replied, with his usual courtesy, that it was already granted. "Well," she said, "it is only leave of absence, for three days, for my godson." "Certainly," exclaimed Saldanha, "I will not fail to attend to your request." He accordingly took down the name of the soldier, and, on the following morning, in the presence of the regiment, he called up the man, and inquired of him, if, contrary to orders, he had solicited Dona — to obtain leave of absence for him. The man acknowledged he had. "Well," said Saldanha, "I have given my word to the lady that your request shall be granted. I also will keep my word with respect to the discipline of the regiment. You will receive the twelve lashes, and the three days' leave of absence."

Before leaving Portugal with the Volunteers, he had married a lady of Irish descent named Horan, who accompanied him in all his transatlantic campaigns. At the termination of the war, which re-

sulted in the annexation of Montevideo to Brazil, the king, desirous of appointing a captain-general or viceroy of the province of the Rio, after full inquiry and deliberation with his most trusted counsellors, fixed upon Saldanha, who was nominated accordingly, and thereby placed in a position where his qualifications for civil government could be fully tested. His integrity also was put to a rude ordeal by the offer of a large bribe from the farmers of the tithes and taxes to wink at their peculations. He at once took measures for depriving them of their illicit gains: the result being a large augmentation of the revenue.

His administration of justice was equally remarkable for vigor and efficiency. On his arrival at Porto Alegre, the gallows were familiarly known as the *donzella*, or the "Maiden," from their never having been used since they were put up; yet there were no less than eighty-four persons charged with murder in the prisons; most of whom when brought to trial were found guilty. Selecting the most atrocious cases, he hanged four. And in order (says the biographer) that all classes might be alike impressed by the terror of this example, the four who suffered were selected from different races of men, comprising a white man, a mulatto, an Indian, and a negro. The white man belonged to one of the most influential families of the province. "The result of this judicious firmness was that, during the remainder of Saldanha's government in Rio Grande, not another prosecution on a charge of assassination became necessary."

The province was so prosperous under his government, and so satisfied that its prosperity was owing to him, that, when the question arose what part it was to take in the struggle between the mother country and the colony, it seems to have been a matter of indifference to the people who was to be their nominal sovereign so long as they were practically ruled by Saldanha. In April, 1821, the king, John VI., left Rio for Lisbon, with his wife and younger son, Dom Miguel, leaving his eldest son, Pedro, to govern as regent in Brazil. Soon after his arrival in Lis-

bon (July 3) the Cortes decreed that Brazil should be divided into provincial governments, subordinate to the home government, and that Pedro should return to Europe. This decree, followed by others in the same sense and spirit, lighted up a flame of indignation throughout Brazil very similar to that which was kindled by the Stamp Act in what are now the United States of North America. Provisional Juntas were formed, and the authority of the governors was set aside in all the provinces with the exception of Rio Grande, where Saldanha fell in with the popular feeling to the extent of declaring his readiness to be guided by it so far as was consistent with loyalty. He accordingly invited the people, through the municipalities and notabilities, to notify their wishes in writing, promising that their answers should be all opened and made public on a given day in the Town-hall.

When that day arrived, the replies were found to be unanimous in declaring that they were all so satisfied with the government of Saldanha, that they only regretted it could not be eternal.

During the three following nights, the inhabitants, spontaneously and with enthusiasm, illuminated the capital, Porto Alegre. On the third night, when the captain-general entered the theatre, all the ladies rose and sang verses in his honor, which were composed for the occasion, the chorus to which, as sung by the whole house, was as follows :—

Ditosa gente!	Fortunate people!
Fez terreno!	Happy land!
Que um tal governo	That such a ruler
Poude alcançar.	Has obtained.

Without being turned aside by these flattering demonstrations, he proceeded to carry out the provisions of the decrees, which required the election of three presidents: one of the executive, one of justice, and one of finance. The electors met at 9 A.M. and continued in consultation until 2 P.M., when fifteen electors waited upon the captain-general to state the conclusion to which they had unanimously arrived; namely, not to proceed with the elections, but to leave the government unaltered in his hands. They were sent back to reconsider their resolution, and returned at 8 P.M., to declare "that the entire body of the electors were satisfied that the people desired no other government than that of Saldanha; and that such were the instructions which they had received from their constituents." Saldanha again pressed upon them that his duty to his sovereign left him no alternative but to retire, at the

risk of throwing everything into confusion, if they persevered in thus nullifying the law; and at length a compromise was hit upon. They consented to proceed with the election to the presidencies, but elected him to all three, and intimated an opinion that he was equally eligible for the contemporaneous command of the military forces. This arrangement was not contrary to the strict letter of the law, and he discharged the various offices forced upon him till he found that the hearts of the Rio Grandeans were as much set upon the independence of Portugal as the other provinces; a Junta having been formed at Porto Alegre, the capital, to co-operate with the rest. Pedro, who in the October following was proclaimed emperor of Brazil, had already declared for a separation, and was virtually in rebellion against his royal father. In July 1822, therefore, Saldanha addressed a letter to the Junta of Rio, setting forth his reasons for resigning all his posts, and at once returning to Europe, rather than prove a traitor to his native country and the king to whom he had sworn allegiance.

When all other expedients for detaining him had been tried, a deputation from the chief people of the provinces of Rio Grande, Santa Fé, Corrientes, and Montevideo, waited upon him to declare that they were willing to form these provinces into an independent kingdom if he would accept the crown.

Thanking them sincerely, I, without hesitation, refused the offer. *Un roi parvenu*, and in those regions, would have found himself in a precarious situation. I may sincerely declare before God, that neither in my public nor in my private life have I ever committed an intentional act of injustice; and I am persuaded that I should have been *un assez bon chef dans un état quelconque*.

The new emperor did not suffer him to depart without offer upon offer, which would hardly have been refused by a mere soldier of fortune. He was offered the post of marshal-general of the army, the title of marquis, and crown-lands to any extent in any quarter he might choose. The imperial minister of finance, by way of persuading him to become a Brazilian, suggested that Portugal, after the separation, would become an impoverished and insignificant country. "The greater the reason," was the reply, "that I should not desert it."

The emperor was crowned on the 1st of December, when Saldanha was still at Porto Alegre. There were great festivi-

ties on the occasion of the coronation. At night the emperor went in state to the theatre. Saldanha appeared there dressed in black and occupied a seat in the box of his sister, the Countess da Ponte. The minister of marine going in said, "General, the emperor wonders why you are in mourning." "Can I be otherwise," replied Saldanha, "on the day when the dissolution of the monarchy has been effected?"

He left Rio two days afterwards, and arrived at Lisbon, with his wife and infant son, on the 25th of January, 1823.

With the principles which actuated his conduct through life, it will readily be imagined that he left behind him many friends and admirers. Nor need it create much astonishment—none to those who knew him well—that the captain-general of a province, with almost unlimited power, reached his country after eight years of service, with less than 6*l.* in his possession.

According to the biographer, when, many years later, Pedro, then ex-emperor, met Saldanha in Paris, he said to him: "What the devil did you do with the Brazilians in the province of Rio Grande? When I went there, I heard nothing from all sides but what was done in the time of Sr. Saldanha. Sr. Saldanha did this—Sr. Saldanha did that." Dom Pedro added, that the very road on which he had travelled was called "Estrada Saldanha," a name which the authorities had given it "in memory of their beloved and regretted governor."

Under any ordinary state of things, a man who had acted in this manner might have anticipated an honorable reception from the people or popular representatives and the court; but Portugal when he arrived (September, 1823) was in as distracted a condition as Brazil. The first act of the king on his return (July 1821) was to take the oath to a new constitution then in progress, "so far as it was already prepared;" and on the first of October, when it was declared ready for trial, he repeated the oath with the required alteration. This is the constitution of September 23, 1822, passed in accordance with the views of the democratic and ultra-radical party, who thenceforth passed by the name of Septembrists. The whole of the legislative and much of the executive authority was thereby vested in a representative chamber, which the crown could neither assemble, dissolve, nor prorogue. In what light this constitution was regarded throughout Europe may be judged from the fact that three of

the great powers immediately withdrew their ministers; and it met with the most marked disapproval from the rest, including England.

Its framers did no more than justice to Saldanha's patriotism and moderation when, despairing of his concurrence, they treated him with coldness and distrust; but his ungracious reception by the court can hardly be accounted for except by suspicion or jealousy. A *pronunciamento*, or military demonstration, was as common in Portugal as in Spain, and it was rationally doubted whether Saldanha would adhere in the Old World to the self-denying ordinance which he had imposed upon himself in the New. At all events, the course taken with him by the government, in the name and with the presumed assent of the king, showed a determination to shelve or get rid of him, whilst apparently recognizing his services and his claims. Twelve days after his return, he was appointed to a high command in Brazil—the command of all the military and naval forces which "are to be, or are already, collected at Bahia, with the direction and command of the said forces wherever they may operate." This command was a mockery. He was to be sent on a perilous expedition without men, money, or commissariat, for the express purpose of discrediting him, and he took his part with his wonted firmness. He drew up a list of the requisites for the expedition, and concluded a letter enclosing them to the minister of war in these words:—

Such are my opinions, and my conditions for accepting the command-in-chief; made, I repeat, because I consider them necessary for the public welfare. They are the result of eight years' experience in Brazil in various commands. Should, however, it be preferred that I should command a company, a regiment, or a brigade, I am quite ready to do so. For then, my only duty will be to obey, and fight when and where I am ordered. This I know how to do. But to take the command-in-chief, which implies responsibility, I can only do on the terms I have laid down.

The reply was a peremptory order to embark and set sail without delay, and on his refusal he was brought before a court-martial on a charge of disobedience, and condemned to imprisonment in the Castle of St. George. He remained there (about four months) so long as it suited him and no longer; for on hearing of a rising headed by Dom Miguel with the professed object of delivering the king from undue restraint he made his escape, placed him-

self at the head of two insurgent regiments, and hastened to join the king, who immediately gave him the command of a division in the army of which Dom Miguel was the chief. The immediate result of the movement was the formation of the Palmella ministry, which restored temporary quiet by promising a modification of the constitution. Saldanha addressed a letter to the major-general of the forces, setting forth that he had left his prison from the purest motives.

Now, however, that his Majesty, fortunately, is replaced upon his throne, with the same prerogatives with which his ancestors occupied it; now that the anarchical faction is broken up, whose endeavors were to submerge the nation in a similar vortex of horrors and atrocities, as that in which France was torn to pieces in the time of the Convention; and, consequently, the noble aim, which H.R.H. the Infante, commander-in-chief, had in view, is attained, I should fail in my duty if I did not address his Royal Highness, requesting him to be pleased to name the officer who is to substitute me in the command of the troops he was pleased to entrust to me, so that I may return to the prison I left.

It soon became clear that "the noble aim" which H.R.H. the Infante, in concert with his royal mother and his royal uncle (Ferdinand of Spain) had in view, was absolutism, and that the king, who was a little more than a cipher in their hands, had on one occasion answered a popular or military call by appearing at a window of the palace with his daughters and exclaiming: "Since you wish it, since the country desires it, *Viva el rei absoluto.*" All therefore that could be said for Saldanha, when subsequently accused of having served under Dom Miguel is, that he went with him no further than loyalty required.

The answer of the major-general was that he was ordered to inform him that the king "is much pleased with his conduct, both with respect to the step he took in quitting his prison for such purpose, and to his wish to return to the same, from which his Majesty is pleased to release him." In the course of the same month (June) he was appointed to the command of a force of seven or eight thousand men in the Alemtejo, to protect the frontier from an anticipated invasion of the Spaniards, but he resigned this command on the 5th of October following, in consequence of the honors showered on an absolutist who had made open profession of his creed. He retired in good time, for whilst a Junta, under the presidency of

Palmella, was preparing the promised changes, Dom Miguel, still commander-in-chief, commenced a fresh reign of violence, denounced constitutional government, arrested its most distinguished supporters, including Palmella, and exacted a written approval of his proceedings from the king, who was so beside himself with terror that, according to a current story, when the foreign ministers fairly forced their way into his presence to be assured of his personal safety, they found him on his knees, and on seeing the French minister, M. Hyde de Neuville, he exclaimed: "How glad I am that it is you! I thought it was my sentence of death."

By the advice of the diplomatic body the king took refuge on board a British man-of-war, the "Windsor Castle," from which he issued a manifesto, supposed to be the composition of Palmella, who, by some unexplained means, had managed to rejoin his sovereign. This manifesto produced or rather implied a complete reversal of the situation. It condemned in the strongest terms the recent conduct of Dom Miguel, and declared that he must quit the country before his Majesty would risk his sacred person by returning on shore. Dom Miguel embarked for Brest on the 13th of May, and the day following the king landed amidst the acclamations of his subjects, whose affections veered about with a rapidity which can only be accounted for on the supposition that the majority were floating between the opposite extremes and had no criterion of men or measures but success. The queen-mother also received notice to quit the kingdom, and with difficulty evaded compliance with the mandate. Dom Miguel, who wished to take up his abode at Paris, was at length induced to repair to Vienna, where he was most out of the way of mischief, and the Austrian government was earnestly requested to keep watch over him.

A brief summary of historical events is indispensable from time to time to make Saldanha's position intelligible. On the 7th of September, 1824, Palmella, minister for foreign affairs, officially made known to his diplomatic agents abroad the bases of the constitution projected by the Junta under his presidency. Its character may be collected from two clauses:—

1. The clergy, the nobility, and the deputies from the towns and cities will unite (each class separately) in order to deliberate, with closed doors, on the subjects which the government will present for their discussion. They will

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exercise no share of the legislative power, and will only enjoy the privilege of being consulted, or listened to, by the king.

5. The three Estates will be convoked when his Majesty thinks proper; and will be dissolved in the same manner.

This constitution, although falling far short of the demands of even the moderate section of the Liberal party, produced no commotion on its first announcement, and does not appear to have influenced Saldanha in his connection with the court or the authorities for the time being. In April, 1825, he accepted the appointment of military governor of Oporto, and inaugurated his rule by refusing the customary bribes in the shape of wine, hams, etc. The good people of Oporto must have had the same reason for entertaining a favorable remembrance of him as the inhabitants of Rio Grande. "Previous to his arrival constant robberies were committed in the streets, in private houses, and even in the very churches, by bands of organized miscreants. In less than a month as many as sixty-three of these criminals were in prison, and the robberies ceased."

By the death of the king (John VI.), March 10, 1826, the crown of Portugal devolved on his eldest son, Pedro, already emperor of Brazil, who by the laws of both countries was obliged to elect between the two. The news of his accession reached him at Rio de Janeiro, where his first act was to confirm his sister, Isabel Maria, in the regency of Portugal, which she held under their father; and three days afterwards he formally granted the Charter known as the Charter of 1826, which the English minister at Rio, Sir Charles Stuart, undertook to convey to Lisbon. This charter was a triumph for Liberalism. On being apprised of it Saldanha wrote from Oporto to Sir William A'Court, the English minister at Lisbon, to urge the importance of having it proclaimed without delay, and to declare the line of conduct he had marked out for himself in case of any attempt to disappoint the just expectations of the people.

They do me justice. They know I am ready to give my life for their welfare. They trust I will direct them right; and with the greatest docility have followed my advice. I shall be consistent with my principles, and will answer their confidence. The one who has been acknowledged the legitimate sovereign has given us a constitution. Our noble ally, Great Britain, approves it; (else Sir Charles Stuart would not be its bearer). The Brazils will maintain

it. And, therefore, I am determined, if the intrigues of Spain and Russia prevail, to put myself at the head of the troops of all the northern provinces, of whose obedience I am sure, and act according to the orders of my king.

The name of the king appears to have been used indiscriminately by all parties with or without the royal sanction, much as in our Great Rebellion it was used by the Parliamentarians so long as there was the semblance of a monarchy. Saldanha on this occasion did not wait for orders. The Charter arrived on the 7th of July, but the proclamation was delayed, and the regent was hesitating, when he wrote to her to state that, if the oaths were not taken by the 31st, he would publicly take them himself and compel the taking of them in all the northern provinces on that day. This bold proceeding was justified by the result. It was accepted as a display of loyalty by the Infanta, who forthwith gave orders that the oaths should be taken throughout the kingdom on or by the day named by him.

Saldanha never permitted his light to be hidden under a bushel: he was a voluminous writer of letters and despatches, and he rarely misses an opportunity of recapitulating the services he had rendered in critical emergencies. It happens fortunately that his *pièces justificatives* are addressed to persons well qualified to verify his statements, and although they have an air of self-glorification, their substantial accuracy may be assumed. Reverting to these events four years after their occurrence in a letter to the king, he writes: —

Without this, my firm resolution and determination, the constitutional Charter would have become a dead letter: the throne of her Majesty D. Maria II., so intimately connected with the fundamental law of that Charter, would not have been secured: D. Miguel would quickly have seized the sceptre: and the august mother of your Majesty would have remained Princess of Grand Pará.

The inauguration of the Charter led to the formation of a new ministry, in which the War Office was assigned to Saldanha, who signalized his administration by placing the army on a much-improved footing. A few days after granting the Charter, Pedro, electing for Brazil, abdicated the throne of Portugal in favor of his daughter, D. Maria da Glória, upon two conditions: 1, that the reception of the Charter in Portugal should be officially made known before she left Rio; 2, that she should be betrothed with a view to a

future marriage to Dom Miguel, *his* younger brother and *her* uncle; who, the Salic law not being in force in Portugal, came after her in the regular succession to the throne. This, his legal position, was formally accepted by him; he swore fidelity to the queen and the constitution without protest or demur; spoke of her in a letter to his brother as his legitimate sovereign, and indignantly repudiated the notion that he meditated any denial of her rights or resistance to her authority. Yet he was always plotting her overthrow, always the willing tool of insurrection and intrigue; and during the best part of a generation his name was a synonym for absolutism. Saldanha never ceased regarding him as a standing menace to free institutions, and addressed letter after letter to put the king upon his guard.

We collect from Saldanha's letters that although a high place, the department of war or foreign affairs, was reserved for him during successive changes of ministry, he did not enjoy the unlimited confidence of the Infanta. When the news reached Lisbon that Dom Miguel was about to supersede her in the regency, Saldanha urged her to stand upon her rights under the Charter, and resist. On her urging her inability, he said, "If your Highness will second me with the sanction of your name and authority, I will answer with my reputation and my life, that you shall retain the regency, with a constitutional government, until the queen shall attain her majority."

She declined, and (remarks the Conde da Carnota) perhaps from that moment thought he was too powerful a subject for the vicinity of a court. She lost no time in getting rid of him; for a ministerial crisis ensued, "and when (to quote his own words) I had the honor of arriving in her Highness's presence (it grieves me to confess it), I noticed in her countenance an appearance of reserve which, thanks to her great goodness, I had not been accustomed to." The day following he tendered his resignation, which was readily accepted, and he writes to the king:—

From the ministry, sire, I have brought nothing but my honor and my independence. Those who served with me bear away no spoils of the State: no one will venture to say the contrary.

The moment I received my dismissal, which took everybody by surprise (for the greatest secrecy had been kept as to what had passed between her Highness and her minister), I set out for Cintra; but, unfortunately, the people of Lisbon, startled at my dismissal, committed

a thousand follies, which my greatest friends had considerable difficulty in restraining, until order was restored by an armed force. At Oporto, a similar agitation broke out; and I hear that, from different parts of the kingdom, representations have been addressed to her Highness, requesting my return to the ministry: and I can readily believe it; for when, after the 1st of May, I reassumed the functions of minister of war, all the military bodies, and nearly all the municipal chambers of the kingdom, gave proofs of their satisfaction.

This might be taken for an effusion of vanity, did we not bear in mind that the hold on the popular mind of which he boasts was a reality. There is ample evidence that the demonstrations in his favor, and the general demand for his recall, were of a nature to excite grave apprehension. He was ordered to leave Cintra for Oeiras, and he writes:—

I have obeyed in silence, in order not to arouse the feelings of your Majesty's faithful servants, of the real constitutionalists who idolize the Charter, and of my true friends. As soon as my poor means will permit, I shall set out for Paris with my dear wife and three children, — the eldest of whom is five years of age, and the youngest forty-eight days; there to await your Majesty's orders.

Things fell out after his departure very nearly as he had anticipated, and it is in no slight degree creditable to his perspicacity that he thoroughly understood a character by which the most sagacious politicians in Europe were deceived. Dom Miguel had been three years a resident in Vienna when he was nominated to the regency, and Metternich speaks of him as "a young prince who by precious qualities of heart and mind has acquired the greatest of rights to our august master's esteem." Again: "I regard it as a duty to do this young prince the justice that his thoughts are as correct as wise and elevated."

The Austrian minister's motives for using such language may be open to suspicion, but Palmella must have been in earnest when he wrote that "it will shortly depend on his Highness, the Infante Dom Miguel, to follow the generous inspirations of his heart; to acquire for himself an immortal name, and secure the happiness of the Portuguese nation."

Dom Miguel, instead of going direct from Vienna to Lisbon, came to England, and (Dec. 30, 1827) paid a visit of three days to George IV. at Windsor, and was afterwards entertained at Strathfieldsaye. Saldanha, who had come to London on purpose, requested and obtained an inter-

view, but his reception was of the coldest. "His Highness (he writes), and this (as I am informed) with great difficulty, only permitted me the honor of kissing his hand in public, together with other Portuguese; and, through the Marquis de Palmella, he informed me that he would not again allow me the honor of entering his presence." There were, he adds, five reasons for this coldness, which may all be resolved into one: that his Highness regarded him as a true patriot, ready to shed the last drop of his blood for the Charter.

Dom Miguel reached Portugal in February, 1828, and lost no time in effecting the meditated usurpation under the pretence of carrying out the wishes of the people as expressed by the Municipal Chambers, which were regularly instructed through their presidents to supplicate him to assume the crown, and to assume it as an absolute monarch, after nullifying the Charter as an illegal innovation on his rights. In obedience to the alleged popular call, he ordered the ancient Cortes of the kingdom to be convoked in thirty days in the place of the Chambers which he dissolved; and, by way of making sure of a majority, the returning officers were instructed "that the votes of those electors who, by their known sentiments and political opinions, had declared themselves enemies of the true principles of legitimacy and followers of the new institutions, should be considered factious, and not be allowed to be enrolled." The Cortes thus elected met in June, 1828, and in the course of less than three weeks, abolished the Charter, proclaimed Dom Miguel king, formally signed their adhesion, and announced that their mission had been fulfilled.

Dom Miguel having thrown off the mask, Palmella announced to the Court of St. James's that his diplomatic functions had ceased, and his example was followed by the Portuguese ministers at every other court except Berlin. Oporto declared at once for the queen, and a Junta was formed to co-operate with her supporters. Oporto therefore was obviously the rallying-point for the friends of constitutional government, and Saldanha was eager to repair thither without delay, whilst Palmella should remain in London. After a variety of delays, arising mainly from mutual jealousy, an expedition was organized and arrived at Oporto; but, after some desultory operations, the commanders came to the conclusion that their forces were unequal to the defence of the

city, which would be given up to plunder if it were taken by assault. It was consequently evacuated, and the expedition returned to England, confessedly a dead failure, the blame of which was distributed between the chiefs according to the indiscriminating zeal or prejudices of their partisans. Saldanha had his full share, although his biographer vehemently contends that, if his counsels had been followed or if the supreme direction had been entrusted to him, the forces were sufficient not only to defend Oporto, but to form the nucleus of an army which might have marched on Lisbon and hurled the usurper from his throne: that, in fact, Saldanha could and would have done in 1828 what he did in 1834.

Equally unlucky was the expedition to Terceira in January, 1829, where the disembarkation was opposed by the captain of an English squadron, upon grounds which at this distance of time it were needless to discuss. Saldanha, after one of his vessels had been fired upon, was obliged to rest satisfied with a protest, and he set sail for Brest, where he and his fellow-refugees (six hundred in number) arrived in so destitute a state, that he was compelled to apply to the French authorities for relief. This was readily accorded, and principally through his instrumentality the Portuguese refugees in Paris were put upon an allowance of a franc a day for the men, and three francs for the officers. He himself was in such contracted circumstances, that he was obliged to borrow one hundred and five francs from his brother, whose memorandum of this petty loan has been preserved. During his prolonged residence in Paris, he was hand in glove with the best of the French Liberals, especially with Lafayette, and he took an active part in the Revolution of July. When twitted with this in the Portuguese Chamber in February, 1848, he replied: —

The worthy peer, Count das Antas, informed the Chamber that I fought in the streets of Paris during the three days of the Revolution of July. It is quite true that I did so; and, if your Excellency will allow me, I will say that I then acted as I always have acted; and, that, among other things, I was one of the first who entered the Hôtel de Ville. It was, undoubtedly, one of the principal episodes of my life; during which, extraordinary were the events I took part in, owing to my connection with the most virtuous man I have ever known, General Lafayette. To enable the House to appreciate the position I then filled at Paris, I will state that I was the only individual, not a deputy, who was present at the debate in which the

change of dynasty was decided upon. But, Senhor President, did I cease, during those three days, to fight for the liberty of my country? Did I cease, during those three days, to fight for the throne of my queen? Without the victory we gained in those three days, could we possibly have overthrown the throne of the usurper? I pride myself, therefore, upon the active part I took in those events.

It is undoubtedly true that if victory had declared for Charles X., the position of every absolute monarch or pretender would have been materially strengthened, and Dom Miguel was already so far established that Liberal governments were hard pressed for excuses to delay the formal recognition of him as king. At the same time the system of terrorism to which he had resorted to enforce his authority had alienated all except his most violent partisans, and led to a general belief that a reign which could only be maintained by violence must be short. Long lists have been made out of persons hanged, deported, or publicly flogged, and the fate reserved for the most distinguished of the refugees is indicated by the sentences passed in their absence on all who took part in the unsuccessful expedition to Oporto. They were to be conducted, bound with cords, through the public streets of Oporto to the New Square (*Praça Nova*); and there, proclamation having been made of their crimes, they were to be strangled on a lofty scaffold, so that their punishment might be witnessed by the people. Their heads were to be cut off; and their bodies, together with the scaffold on which they had suffered, were to be consumed by fire, and the ashes thrown into the sea, in order that all memory of them should be lost. Palmella and Saldanha were included in this sentence. It was computed that in 1830 there were more than forty thousand persons under arrest for political offences, and full half that number in exile or in hiding-places. Lord Palmerston is quoted as stating that more than a thousand had been thrown into prison in Lisbon alone in eleven days. Foreigners were not exempt from insult and oppression; and English, French and American squadrons successively appeared in the Tagus to exact reparation or apologies.

With the view of repairing in some measure the mischief he had done by blind confidence, Dom Pedro, after abdicating the imperial throne of Brazil, resolved on coming to Europe, and he arrived in London in June, 1831, bringing with him the young queen, his daughter,

in whose favor he had abdicated the throne of Portugal. Prior to their arrival, a feaver was put forth by her representative at the British court, the Chevalier Lima, to ascertain whether they could be received as temporary residents at Buckingham Palace or Windsor. Such a reception, it was replied, involving the celebration of mass, would jar with British prejudices and do harm to their cause. On her asking for a formal recognition as queen, Lord Palmerston objected that this was impossible so long as Dom Miguel was *de facto* king, but added: "We are disposed not to see what does not happen before our eyes. What the ministry of the Duke of Wellington would have prevented, we will not prevent. But *il faut en venir là*, what the emperor *can* do, and what he *will* do."

After a stay of six weeks, the ex-emperor with the queen left London for Paris, where he proceeded to make preparations for an expedition to Portugal. On the 11th of January, 1832, Saldanha received a message requiring his attendance on his Majesty, and was informed that the object of sending for him was to request him to make a great sacrifice in favor of the young queen's cause. He declared his readiness to make every possible sacrifice. "But it is a greater sacrifice than perhaps you are prepared for," continued Dom Pedro, and then went on to state that, on the previous day, the Spanish ambassador, accompanied by the minister of foreign affairs and the ambassadors of Austria and England, had waited on him, and had declared, on the part of Ferdinand VII., that if General Saldanha should form part of the projected expedition, he, Ferdinand, would place an army of forty thousand men at the disposal of Dom Miguel. But, Dom Pedro added, the Spanish ambassador, in the presence of the French minister and of the two other ambassadors, had pledged himself that King Ferdinand, if Saldanha remained at Paris, would remain neutral.

To this there could be no reply, although there were good grounds for suspecting that the threatened Spanish intervention was got up for the occasion, and that suspicions were entertained lest Saldanha in case of success might set up for himself as dictator, regent, or president of a republic. Be this as it may, he had no alternative but to submit, and wait patiently till the sense of his value was forced upon those who wished to place him upon the shelf. He had not to wait long. The expedition began well. The

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landing before Oporto was unopposed, and the city was evacuated by the garrison, which outnumbered the besiegers in the proportion of two to one. The inhabitants were unanimous in their adhesion : the Miguelite army was wavering ; and if the first success had been spiritedly followed up, they might have fallen back and left the road open to the capital. But the command of the queen's forces was confided to the Count de Villa, unless when it was directly exercised by the emperor, and neither of them had any quality of generalship besides personal courage. Their incapacity became so obvious at the first engagement that the troops lost confidence, and the panic-struck citizens apprehended an immediate return of the Miguelites. These now took heart, and laid regular siege to the city which they had left without firing a shot. Describing a gallant but unsuccessful sally on the 7th of August, Soriano writes : " So disastrous was this attempt on the part of the Count de Villa Flor, and so little to his credit was the disposition of his forces, that no official account has ever appeared of the operations of this unlucky and calamitous day."

The one thing needed by universal acknowledgment was a general, and on the 23rd Palmella informs the queen's minister of war, Freire : " I have written to Paris most pressingly, in order to see if we can engage some distinguished French officer to go and serve in our cause ; but, in truth, it is extremely difficult, under present circumstances, to induce men of note to take such a step." That they had Saldanha constantly in their thoughts is clear from numerous allusions to him, and the real objection peeps out in a despatch from the Chevalier Lima, where he says : " I continue to hear that Saldanha, in combination with Herteaut and Lacroix, meditates a *coup de main* in Portugal ; and, I believe, proposes to effect a landing with some men at Figueira or even at Peniche ; and this, as I think, not to assist Dom Pedro, but to see if he can be the first to enter Lisbon, and to make himself master of the government."

At length a mode was hit upon of securing his services without undergoing the humiliation of directly requiring them. An order in the queen's name, dated Oporto, November 3, 1832, was published in the newspapers of London, Paris, and Brussels, to the effect that all military men, subjects of Portugal, residing in foreign countries, should return immedi-

ately to Portugal, unless incapacitated by ill-health or age, applying for the means of transport to the diplomatic agents of her Majesty. The Conde da Carnota assumes as an admitted fact that this order was meant, not for the few emigrants coming within the description, but for Saldanha alone. This, however, is hardly reconcilable with the neglect of the diplomatic agent at Paris to supply the promised means of transport, and Saldanha himself writes that, by withholding the necessary funds, those who did not desire his departure imagined he would be compelled to remain, adding that they were mistaken, " for my friend Carneiro at once advanced me twenty-two thousand francs, without other security than my word." The refusal of a passage by the Falmouth packet was also regarded by him as something more than an accident. He was obliged to hire a small vessel at Plymouth to convey him and his party to Oporto, and embarking on the 17th of January they arrived off the entrance to the Douro on the 28th.

The party consisted of seven, including General Stubbs and an aide-de-camp. A month before their arrival the command of the army had been conferred on a French officer, General Solignac, who had not been more fortunate than his predecessor. His first offensive movement, in co-operation with the fleet under Admiral Sartoris, had failed, and differences had already broken out between him and Dom Pedro, who, he complained, was continually meddling with his plans. We can readily believe, therefore, that Saldanha was received with acclamations by the soldiers ; and the imperative call for him is proved by the fact, that the command of the most important of the three divisions of which the army consisted was conferred upon him. After riding round the lines, he met Dom Pedro, who asked how he found them : " In the worst possible condition," was the reply. He goes into details, and Dom Pedro declares that he will call a council of war without delay. It was called the next night, and all, Saldanha relates, agreed with what he stated, but added that, with the means at their disposal, it was impossible to complete the fortifications as he proposed. Granting this, he urged the necessity for doing something to avert the impending danger. " Your Majesty," he said, addressing the emperor, " will lose but little in losing me. Give me five hundred men ; I will sally out and see what can be done."

The day following he went to Solignac and pointed out the expediency of occupying a pine wood overlooking the beach. "I know it well," said Solignac, "for it was there I fought on the 24th. But the enemy has a redoubt within pistol-shot, mounted with pieces of twenty-four. It would be foolish rashness to endeavor to establish ourselves there; and I most positively order that no such movement shall be made." Paying no attention to this order, Saldanha, with four companies of his division, attacked and carried the pine wood at the point of the bayonet. "When Major Barreiros, aide-de-camp to Solignac, came on the part of the marshal to enquire into the cause of so much firing, I replied that I was in possession of the pine wood, concerning which I had spoken to him in the morning; and that all the endeavors of the enemy would not make me abandon it."

This is one amongst several of the dashing exploits by which he silenced although he could not suppress jealousy, and they do not rest on his own unsupported assertions. The *Times* correspondent wrote that "the fortifications, as if by enchantment, rose from the feet of General Saldanha." Colonel Badcock (as quoted by the *Conde da Carnota*) confirms the correspondent:

Now Saldanha came forward. He took the superintendence of the whole left of the line; covering the landing-place, and its communications with the city. His exertions on this occasion have never been sufficiently appreciated. He deserved every credit for his activity and perseverance in forming those lines, which afterwards became the salvation of the cause.

Previous to his arrival, every difficulty had been raised and opposed to the forming of works defensively, and every facility had been permitted offensively. Although the Liberals had no hardworking peasantry for this labor, — their army being composed chiefly of mechanics, to whom it was irksome, and who made little progress, — yet, his popularity, the confidence he had gained in the minds of the lower classes, did wonders. None but the favorite Saldanha could have made such active pioneers of such a people.

Had the enemy, before Saldanha's arrival, cut off the Foz, — a work of three hours with a dashing leader, — they might have completely invested the city, which must have fallen without an assault.*

* Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal, etc. By Lieut.-Colonel Lovell Badcock. London, 1835.

Referring to a repulse sustained by the Miguelites, the correspondent of a French journal writes: —

In the affair of the first of March the safety of the city and the constitutional army has been owing to the Count de Saldanha. It is generally believed here that Solignac will resign shortly, and that the command of the army will be entrusted to Saldanha. Solignac no longer inspires the confidence that the army had at first in his talents and experience. He has been eclipsed by Saldanha.

Early in June, Palmella arrived at Oporto, and rising superior to the littleness of rivalry when great interests were at stake, went at once to Saldanha, who met him in the same spirit of conciliation. On leaving, Palmella exclaimed in the hearing of many, "Now that my arrival has commenced so happily, I cannot augur ill for our good cause." On June 11th Dom Pedro presided at a council of war, at which Solignac, Palmella, Saldanha, the ministers, and the principal military commanders were present. Solignac, having been unanimously overruled, rose and said, "Your Majesty perceives that all the leading men of the army are opposed to my views; consequently, I can no longer be of service, and I return to France." Dom Pedro accepted the resignation, which was officially announced on the 13th, and on the day following Saldanha was appointed his successor. Sartoris had resigned the command of the naval forces on the 8th, and was succeeded by Napier (Admiral Sir Charles), so that there was now every chance that there would be no lack of dash, enterprise, and intrepidity by land or sea.

Saldanha is reported to have said that in Europe there are (or were) at least three hundred generals, who with the practical knowledge of war, unite the theory. "And to yet so few is it given to be a good general-in-chief. Why is this? Because he must be possessed of two qualities which are antagonistic. He must be so prudent, as to be deemed a coward; and so daring that he might be taken for a madman."

Proofs that he combined these qualities abound in his military career. A striking one was supplied in an attack upon the works of Oporto. He came up with his staff at a critical moment, when an important position was in danger of being carried, and he ordered the advance of a French battalion in the queen's service, who, instead of charging, fell back exclaiming, "*Envoyez vos Portugais!*" (Send your Portuguese.) He had no Portuguese at hand,

and he would could his s broke drove explore ent b of the foreign said: with ing b the he It Napier brig, took t of two corve ships officer the q irresis Terce (July de Ca the 2 sieg for th Saldan for a t terms. Marsh the e should comm been c great Lisbon had be in per its rec fifteen and m Almer gether of his Saldan calca the da sign, r ing him assumed fall ha * Acc this expli the same charged a column, and drov Almeida,

and he saw at a glance that the position would be taken before reinforcements could arrive, so he charged at the head of his staff, followed by some twenty lancers, broke the first line of the assailants and drove them back in confusion. This exploit is specially mentioned in the patent by which he was made Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword; and in the report of the engagement from the minister for foreign affairs to the Chevalier Lima it is said: "General Count Saldanha behaved with the greatest wisdom and valor, ending by charging the enemy in person at the head of his staff."*

It was about this time (July 5) that Napier, with three frigates, a corvette, a brig, and a small schooner, engaged and took the whole Miguelite fleet, consisting of two ships of the line, two frigates, three corvettes, and two brigs. Most of the ships struck without firing a shot, the officers and crews refusing to fight against the queen. The tide was now setting in irresistibly in her favor. The Duke of Terceira, at the head of a victorious force (July 24), entered Lisbon, which the Duke de Cadaval had just evacuated, and on the 26th Dom Pedro, considering the siege of Oporto as good as raised, started for the capital, leaving the command to Saldanha, with plenary powers to treat for a termination of hostilities and settle terms. The besieging army was under Marshal Bourmont, who had given out on the eve of the recent repulse that he should dine the next day in Oporto. The command of all the Miguelite forces had been conferred upon him, and he attached great importance to the possession of Lisbon. On hearing, therefore, that it had been evacuated, he hastened to direct in person the meditated movements for its recovery; leaving General Almer with fifteen thousand men to occupy Saldanha and maintain the semblance of a siege. Almer made a feint of abandoning it altogether by withdrawing from the strongest of his redoubts, the object being to lure Saldanha into the open field, where, he calculated, superior numbers must carry the day. Saldanha, penetrating his design, resolved to indulge instead of balking him, and after securing the redoubts, assumed the aggressive, and before night-fall had driven the Miguelites back in

every direction and taken thirteen or fourteen of their forts. This was on the 18th of August. The siege was now practically at an end; and, conceiving his presence more useful elsewhere, Saldanha issued a proclamation to the inhabitants and the troops, dated Oporto, August 23, 1833:—

My duty calls me to the capital. The pleasing certainty that you do justice to my feelings renders it unnecessary for me to say how much I feel the separation. If anything can lessen my regret, it is the reflection that Lieutenant-General Stubbs, whom I leave in command, and his chief of the staff, Colonel Pacheco, take the same interest in your glory and welfare as I do.

Dom Pedro had directed that, if troops could be spared, they should be sent to aid in the defence of Lisbon, but had expressed no wish for the presence in person of Saldanha, who must have known very well that his appearance at the capital would be anything but pleasing to the many aspirants to power whom he was sure to throw into the shade. But he was in the habit in such emergencies of consulting only the best interests of his country or (the sceptics of motives would say) his own. The expediency of sending for him was under actual discussion in a council summoned for the purpose by the regent, when his arrival off the mouth of the Tagus was announced, bringing with him a regiment of lancers and four corps of infantry. He went at once to the palace, where the regent and his ministers received him on the staircase. The regent, embracing him, said: "At the moment in which I received notice that you were crossing the Bar, I and the ministers had resolved upon sending for you. Bourmont is coming with rapid marches upon Lisbon."

This was on the 25th of August, and Bourmont arrived before Lisbon on the 3rd of September. The intervening time was employed by Saldanha in strengthening the defences, and disciplining the volunteers who composed the bulk of the garrison. The first grand attack was made on the 5th. It began at 5 A.M., and lasted till 10 at night, when the repulse was completed by a bayonet charge led by Saldanha in person. Another attack on the 14th was repulsed at every point, and on the 21st Bourmont resigned the command, and flung up the service of Dom Miguel in disgust. The young queen arrived at Lisbon on the 23rd, and was received by the military commanders with their staffs, and the civil authorities,

* According to Colonel Badcock, Saldanha performed this exploit twice! "At nine an attempt was made in the same manner at Bowbim. General Saldanha again charged at the head of his staff the front of the Miguelite column, which had reached the entrance of the place, and drove them back. His aide-de camp, Alexander Almeida, was killed at his side."

in a temporary building near the landing-place. When they were all collected, Dom Pedro introduced Saldanha with these words: "Maria, I do not present the Lieut.-General Count de Saldanha, whom you already know, but the Marshal Saldanha, to whom you owe your being here to-day."

The same graceful mode of announcing a promotion was employed by George IV. (then regent) when Major Percy knelt to deliver the despatch announcing the victory of Waterloo: "Rise up, Colonel Percy." The decree conferring the rank of field-marshal on Saldanha was signed the same day, and is prefaced by a recapitulation of his services. Bourmont was replaced by General Macdonnell, who continued the investment of Lisbon. On the 8th of October Saldanha, calling at the palace, found the queen and the empress playing on the piano, whilst Dom Pedro was accompanying them on the French horn. Seeing from Saldanha's manner that he had some communication to make Dom Pedro took him into another room, and asked him what it was. "The 12th is your Majesty's birthday." "Much obliged to you for the information," said Dom Pedro, "and what of that?" Saldanha continued: "I do not like that your Majesty should spend your birthday in a city surrounded by the enemy." "Nor do I," interrupted Dom Pedro; "but what can we do?" "Let us attack them," was the immediate reply. "Are you mad?" rejoined Dom Pedro; "did you not see the force which my brother Miguel paraded before us yesterday?" "Yes, sire; I saw," said the marshal, "that he had twenty-two thousand bayonets and thirty-one hundred cavalry." "And with what force can you attack them?" "I have," answered Saldanha, "eighty-four hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry." "Then would it not be complete madness?" "Sire," replied Saldanha, "you must observe that the enemy, by delay, can go on augmenting their forces, which it is much less in our power to do. The plan I have conceived, if successful, would be the most brilliant action of modern military history. If not, it would simply appear as an ordinary sortie from a besieged city." Dom Pedro, reflecting for a moment, replied: "I will not oppose you. I have seen you perform such miracles. Do whatever you like."

After making his dispositions for a simultaneous attack on the rear of the enemy, and ordering some gunboats to be

so placed as to harass them on their anticipated retreat, he sallied out and attacked them with such vigor that after a desperate resistance they were driven back. On one occasion, after several attempts had been made to carry a position, he got off his horse, led on a Belgian corps, and was the first to jump into the enemy's trenches.

Five times during this day did the marshal dismount, and himself lead the men to the attack of disputed positions. The combat ceased only at night. It was a triumphant day for the queen's troops, who were outnumbered by their opponents as three to one in infantry, and five times in cavalry. Still more complete would have been the success of the victors, if the plans of Saldanha had been executed, in other quarters, as he had previously combined.

Early the next morning Dom Pedro came to Saldanha's quarters, accompanied by some French and English officers, who joined in congratulating him on the events of the preceding day, but strongly advised that no further risk should be incurred. Finding them deaf to arguments, he threw himself at the feet of the regent, declaring that he could no longer accept the responsibility of command unless he was left entirely free to carry out his plans. Dom Pedro raised him and said, "God save me from your resignation; march on, and do what you please." His plan was carried out as originally conceived; the whole day of the 11th is described as a series of successes, to which he largely contributed by his personal presence in the hottest of the fire, and at midnight the enemy were in full retreat. During the second engagement Dom Pedro had joined Saldanha on the battlefield, on a rising ground from which he could discern the movements of the enemy. One man having been killed and another wounded close to them, an officer, the Viscount de Almeida, implored Dom Pedro to retire, reminding him that it was the marshal who was in command. Dom Pedro, who was by nature brave, playfully ran behind Saldanha, and seizing him by the shoulders, exclaimed (in allusion to the apparently charmed life of the marshal), "Now I am securely covered by Joao Carlos." But, in a moment, seriously recollecting himself, and thrusting Saldanha aside, the regent cried out, as if horror-struck at the idea, "Poor Maria! if one ball should kill us both!"

The Miguelites retreated to Santarem, a strongly fortified place, which Masséna had occupied for some months during his

retreat in 1810-1811. He was left unmolested in it by the Duke of Wellington, who quietly took up a watching position; and his example was followed by Saldanha, who established his headquarters at Cartaxo. At this time he was in communication with his wife as to the means of raising two thousand francs to transmit to Paris in payment of a debt. Hearing of this, the minister of finance writes:—

I am so angry with you to-day, that I have only time to scold. How could it enter into the head of anyone to trouble a poor woman with commercial transactions! Is it not bitterness enough to be deprived of her husband's company? Rest assured that Machado will receive the two thousand francs in good time; for an order shall be sent by the packet, and, if possible, overland too. Your name should not be compromised, however large might be the sum required. Too much is owing to you by the treasury, that you should thus draw on your private means. I have great hope, that from the first of January onwards, the army will be paid in cash.

One inevitable effect of the assured safety of the capital was the revival of dissension and intrigue. The Liberal party was broken up into twelve or fourteen sections or factions, a portion of whom were always sure to be in opposition, and the ministry were so hard pressed that we find one of them, the minister of war, appealing to Saldanha to do something to draw off attention, never mind what. "They complain that such large means are paralyzed before a small force at Santarem." He steadily refused to attack Santarem, but on January 12th, 1834, he suddenly left Cartaxo with four thousand men and a regiment of lancers and marched towards Leiria. Two men on horseback having been captured by his staff, he called for writing-materials, and addressed the following note to the governor of Leiria, which he told one of the men to carry. "It is I who am in command. I will assault the city in half an hour, and give no quarter, if you do not immediately yield. Saldanha." The governor having enquired if the note really came from Saldanha, and being assured of the fact, at once gave orders to abandon the city.

Whilst Saldanha was at Leiria, he was urged to join the Cabinet, as minister of war if he chose, with liberty to appoint a substitute while he continued in command of the army in the field. This offer he declined. On the 24th he advanced on Torres Novas, where he found a crack Miguelite regiment, called the "Chaves

Cavalry," drawn up in the principal square. They were charged by his cavalry, broken, driven out of the town, and pursued several leagues. Shortly afterwards he was informed that the Miguelites meditated an attack upon Pernes, and he resolved to anticipate them. He fell upon them in their advance and inflicted a crushing defeat, with the loss of only twenty killed and wounded on his side. On his return to Cartaxo he was presented with the grand cross of the Order of Christ, in reward, as stated in the decree, for (amongst other services) "the well-concerted plans, intrepidity, skill, activity, and zeal, displayed in the three engagements of Leiria, Torres Novas, and Pernes, when he so worthily commanded the brave troops which annihilated so large a portion of the enemy's forces."

General Grant, it will be remembered, was persistently depreciated till he had taken Vicksburg; and the Duke of Wellington was subjected to a good deal of hostile comment till he had driven the French out of Portugal; but it was Saldanha's still harder destiny to be plagued with critics and counsellors after an unbroken series of successes, in which his generalship was no less remarkable than his intrepidity.

Many times [he wrote] the ministry, as well as Dom Pedro, urged me to attack Santarem; and my friends at Lisbon were continually declaring that I should be discredited by my inaction. On the last occasion, when D. Pedro was unusually urgent on the subject, I said, "Give the command to the Duke da Terceira, and let him accede to the desires which many have shown; and, as a soldier, you will see that I will be the first to enter the city, if to enter we should be able. As a general, no one shall ever force me to commit so grave an error."

General Lemos, who commanded at Santarem, thought himself strong enough not only to hold the place, but to break through the opposing force and make his way to the capital. On the evening of the 18th of February, he left the shelter of his works, and advanced with the intention of crossing the plain which intervened between him and Saldanha's position. All Saldanha wanted, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Miguelites, was a pitched battle. He allowed them to pass a bridge which he might have disputed, and even to form upon the heights which he occupied. Then he dashed upon them with his usual impetuosity, and soon sent them flying in every direction towards their stronghold.

His tactics in this battle, the battle of Almoster, in allowing the unmolested approach of the enemy, were much criticised. His justification was that if he had disputed the passage of the bridge, the day would have been wasted in skirmishing, and in his official report he says, "I am sure that his imperial Majesty will not consider my confidence to have been temerity, when I inform him that I had with me the 2nd and 12th battalions of Caçadores, and the 3rd and 6th regiments of infantry." What might have been temerity in others was simply calculation in him, who knew exactly how far he might depend upon his troops.

Santarem was evacuated on the 18th of May. When Dom Pedro entered it, he turned to Saldanha and said, "Now I do not wonder that you would not attack this town."

The Miguelite cause was becoming hopeless, and on the 26th of May a convention by which they laid down their arms was concluded at Evora by Terceira and Saldanha on the part of the government, and by General Lemos and Senhor Torreao on the part of Dom Miguel, who three days afterwards signed the following document:—

Palace at Evora, May 29th, 1834.

To satisfy the further requirements of the marshals Duke da Terceira and Count de Saldanha in the name of their government, I declare that I will never directly or indirectly interfere in the political affairs of this kingdom and its dominions. D. MIGUEL.

A pension of 15,000*l.* was granted to him, but on arriving at Genoa he published a protest against everything signed by or for him as obtained by force.

Saldanha was made a marquis, and the grand cross of the Order of San Fernando was conferred upon him by the queen of Spain in testimony of his "brilliant services in restoring peace to the Peninsula."

It is tolerably plain sailing so long as we are following his military career, but his civil career is a labyrinth, and a labyrinth without a clue to all who are not intimately acquainted with the intricacies of Portuguese politics during the last fifty years. Elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, which met on the 15th of August, 1834, he took his seat as leader of the opposition, but he is soon afterwards made a peer and accepts the presidency of two or three commissions named by the ministry. He also, after tendering his resignation, was persuaded

by the regent to retain his commission as chief of the staff, and he accepted a national grant of one hundred contos (about 25,000*l.*), similar grants being made to Palmella and Terceira. On the 24th of February the permission of the Chamber of Deputies was asked for one of its members, Saldanha, to be employed on an important foreign mission, *i.e.* to Paris, and he writes to the *Nacional* to express a hope that his friends will give him credit for "the powerful motives which satisfied and convinced me that, by the acceptance of that mission, I should render, under present circumstances, the greatest possible service in my power."

What service he was to render except by leaving the political field clear is not explained. The Paris mission lay dormant till the closing of the Chambers on the 20th of April, when it was set aside, and Saldanha, at the suggestion of Palmella, was called upon to form an administration, which he did. The queen's majority had been formally declared, and it was to her, therefore, that, May 27th, he submitted his list, headed by himself as president of the Council and War, with Palmella as foreign secretary. The professed principles of this administration sounded unexceptional, and Lord Howard de Walden wrote to assure Saldanha that Lord Palmerston had great confidence in him. But within less than two months he is writing to the queen to say that it was impossible for him to continue to preside over the Council, because it was impossible for him to satisfy the wishes of her Majesty in a proposed re-composition of the ministry. The government were in financial difficulties, which it was thought might be smoothed over by the admission into the Cabinet of Senhor Cavalho, to whom Saldanha objected. The crisis ended by his giving way, and admitting Cavalho with a friend; upon which L. Tavares Cabral writes, "It has become the duty of all honest men to fight against your Excellency's political existence." The reply concluded with these words: "If you can contrive to cut the thread of my political existence, without endangering the existence of my country, I shall look upon you as my greatest benefactor. God preserve you."

The remodelled administration had not been four months in office when Saldanha again tendered his resignation, and was only induced to retain the presidency by a letter from the queen declaring her inability, after repeated trials, to get any one to form an administration, and appealing

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to his loyalty not to desert her in such an emergency. The next day, the 14th of November, she at his request signed a decree, removing from active service six officers who had interfered illegally with the municipal elections; but when a petition was got up for their reinstatement by other officers who threatened to resign their commissions if the petition was rejected, she granted it contrary to the opinion of the Cabinet; which then resigned in good earnest, and was followed by a succession of ministries advancing further and further in the ultra-liberal or democratic direction. In a letter, dated August 19, 1836, to Mr. Aston, Lord Palmerston writes:—

I hope there may be a counter-revolution in Portugal, but so do not hope the Holy Alliance. They think the Constitution of 1820 may bring back Miguel and despotism again, as it did once before. They hate Pedro's Charter, because it is too reasonable a system of government; an impracticable Constitution is a thing to their heart.

A counter-revolution was attempted, and failed because, Lord Palmerston writes, "the adherents of Terceira and the court party were jealous of Saldanha, and fearful that if he were allowed to make the counter-revolution, he would thereby acquire influence and power, from which it was their first object to exclude him." Terceira and Saldanha then headed a military insurrection, in which they failed, and we next find Saldanha writing to his wife from Vigo (Oct. 12) to arrange whether they should take refuge in England or France. They went first to Plymouth and then to Paris, where they remained till July, 1839. A complete amnesty had been proclaimed: Saldanha had taken the oath to the Constitution of 1838, and had been chosen senator for several districts. Duty, he thought, recalled him to his own country, and he came back with a resolution to take no part in politics, to which he adhered till the relations between England and Portugal became a cause of serious embarrassment. Lord Howard de Walden had delivered an ultimatum, to the effect that unless the demands of the British government were complied with there would be a resort to force. At a meeting of Portuguese notables, to whom the matter was referred, it was proposed that some one should be sent to London with adequate powers to treat. All eyes were fixed upon Palmella, who rose and said, "I thank the assembly very much for the compliment they have paid me; but I declare posi-

tively that I will not go: and the only person who is likely to have any influence with the British government is Marshal Saldanha."

He was sent for by the queen, and reluctantly accepted the mission, which he executed to the satisfaction of all parties. In one of his interviews with Lord Palmerston, the noble lord took credit for standing alone against the whole of his colleagues and the king to prevent the recognition of Dom Miguel.

And with what result? [asked his Lordship]. *Trainé dans la boue* in the streets of Lisbon and in the mouths of ballad-singers, I have been insulted in the Parliament, and abused in the Council of State of Portugal. Such ingratitude is hard to bear; and you yourself, marshal, know how ungrateful they have been to you.

The value set upon Saldanha's services was best proved by his being directly afterwards employed in a similar capacity to compose the differences between Portugal and Spain, which he succeeded in moderating. These continual missions give plausibility to the theory that he resembled Michael Scott's spirit, for whom constant employment must be found to prevent him from becoming dangerous. Before the conclusion of the year, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to Vienna, where he saw a good deal of Metternich.

"Que lisez-vous, mon prince?" said Saldanha to Metternich, one day as he entered the prince's study and found him reading. "Je lis des romans," was the reply, as the prince put down the volume, which Saldanha at a glance saw was the "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*" of M. Thiers.

A pleasant story, says the Conde da Carnota, was current during our stay there.

Shortly after the arrival of the Count de Flahault, to represent at the Austrian court his sovereign Louis Philippe,* whose recognition by the emperor had been long delayed, he was, on one occasion, seated by the side of the still young and handsome wife of Prince Metternich. Remarking the great beauty of the brilliants which ornamented her brow, the count observed: "Princesse, vous avez une belle couronne." "Oui," replied the princess, "et je l'estime davantage, puisqu'elle n'a pas été volée." The ambassador made no reply to this innuendo respecting the mode by which his sovereign had become possessed of the crown he wore; but, seeking an opportunity of speaking to the prince, he declared that he had been intentionally insulted by the princess.

* Hardly Count Flahault, who was through life a staunch Bonapartist.

Metternich calmly replied, "Mon cher ambassadeur, je vous l'avoue ; ma femme est la femme la plus mal élevée du monde. Mais je vous assure, que ce n'est pas moi qui ai fait son éducation."

A similar reply is currently reported to have been made by Prince Richard Metternich, the editor of the "Memoirs," to an irritable Frenchman who wanted to make him answerable for a sparkling repartee of his witty and fascinating wife.

Saldanha did not return to Portugal till July, 1846, after an absence of five years. The Charter of 1826 had been restored, but the disunion of the Liberal party had revived the hopes of both Miguelites and democrats ; a fresh civil war was obviously at hand, and the sense of his importance is betrayed by an order left at the port that he should "disembark on the quay at Belem, and come immediately to speak to their Majesties."

For some time after his arrival he refused to take any share in the conduct of affairs, but at length, when an armed resistance was threatened in case of a change of ministry, he offered to effect the change if Palmella would countersign his nomination as minister of war. Palmella agreed, and in the afternoon of the 6th of October Saldanha came to Belem, where he found the queen and king-consort walking in the garden. After reading the proclamation which he proposed to publish in her name, he addressed her : —

"Madame. It becomes my duty to tell your Majesty, that if I do not succeed, or do not meet my death in the attempt, I shall inevitably be shot on the morrow ; and your Majesty will be driven from the country." M. Dietz, on hearing this, immediately exclaimed : "Oh ! then it is better to let things remain as they are." Upon this her Majesty, turning towards Saldanha, said, "Send him to a nunnery ;" and added, "Sooner will I lose the crown than continue to reign insulted and calumniated day after day. If you deem it necessary, I am ready this instant to mount my horse and accompany you to the nearest barracks."

The proclamation was issued ; the insurrectionary movements in the capital were checked ; and on Palmella refusing to retain the premiership, a new administration was formed by Saldanha, who was named president of the Council, secretary of war and (*ad interim*) of foreign affairs. On November 1st he was created a duke by a decree dwelling on "the zeal and energy with which now, and at all times, he has suppressed revolts and saved the country from anarchy."

On the 6th he left Lisbon to take the command of the forces which were to act against the insurgents. They had concentrated in force behind the lines of Torres Vedras, where Masséna was stopped by Wellington. Saldanha broke through the lines, and obtained a complete victory ; but the civil war continued, and began to be regarded as interminable, when the foreign powers (England, France and Spain) intervened, and terms of pacification were arranged, followed (June 9) by the proclamation of a complete amnesty. In settling the conditions the insurgent leaders were treated rather as belligerents than rebels, and their combined forces, largely composed of Miguelites, outnumbered the Royalists.

For some unexplained reason the intervening powers demanded a change of ministry, and (Aug. 22) one was formed in compliance with their wishes ; whereupon Saldanha, according to his biographer, resolved on resuming diplomatic duties and (Sept. 3) was named minister to the court of Madrid. The ministry broke down after a four months' trial ; and on the 18th of December Saldanha is again at the head of one in the threefold capacity of president with two secretaries. The footing on which he stood with the queen is illustrated by a private letter from her Majesty, dated Feb. 4th, 1848 : —

MY DEAR DUKE.—

Seymour has just been here to show us a despatch from Lord Palmerston, with advice in the style of the *great philosopher*. . . . He wants to show it to you. See if you can go, when you leave the Chambers, as if you were paying him a visit ; and, at night, in the Portuguese Theatre, come and tell us what took place. Obstinate people ! (*Fortes temosos*.) I told Seymour (Sir Hamilton) that we should be in no difficulty, were it not for the foreign protection given to the *patuleias* ;* but that he might be sure that I would prefer death, fighting in the streets, rather than abdicate. He made a wry face and went off. I am losing all patience with such asinine counsellors.

MARIA.

It was during this ministry that he came out in force as an orator. He delivered an oration lasting two days (February 14th and 15th, 1848), which contained a masterly review of his whole military and political career, and a justification of his conduct in the most critical circumstances of his life. The impression left by such portions as have been preserved in an

* Name applied to the rebels, as signifying an armed mob.

imperfect report is highly favorable; and the Conde da Carnota states that the British consul, on leaving the House, said to him, "I always knew that the marshal was the first general in Portugal: it is only to-day that I know him to be her first orator."

His administration came to an end in June, 1849; an end accelerated by the Count de Thomar (Cabral) who succeeded him; and here began a contest between the two which both had subsequently good reason to regret. Saldanha having assailed the policy of his rival in fair party warfare, Thomar retaliated by causing him to be dismissed from all the appointments he held under the crown, including those of Mordomo Mor, aide-de-camp to the king-consort, and member of the Supreme Military Council.

When the prospect of Charles Fox's accession to office was indefinitely postponed by the breach between the new and old Whigs, a subscription was opened to compensate him by his friends. Saldanha's friends acted in the same manner. They offered through Senhor Almeida to raise an equivalent for his pecuniary losses from the dismissals. Referring to this affair in the Chamber, he said:—

One condition was attached to this generous offer, to which I submitted with reluctance. It was, that I should take no steps to ascertain the names of those who so nobly contributed. From that day, on the 1st of every month, Sr. Almeida presents me with £2. And, Sr. President, I am proud of this fact: because I am not ashamed to declare, at the close of my long career, that I am poor. By this, the minister may become aware how it is that I have been able to leave untouched ten months' pay without dying of hunger. By this, the House and my country may learn for what purpose, in my little property at Cintra, I am opening a path, leading to the highest spot on those hills which belong to me, in order theron gratefully to erect a temple to Friendship.

The hour of retribution was at hand. Two years sufficed to exhaust the stock of public confidence with which Thomar had started; his growing unpopularity had extended to the dynasty: and the country again resembled a volcano on the eve of an eruption. On the 4th of March, 1851, Count das Antas, a leader in the last insurrection, after laying before Saldanha the prevalent discontents, told him that the Progressistas had everything ready for another revolutionary movement, of which they begged him to take the direction. He replied that he would do all in his power to prevent it. Das

Antas was startled, and rejoined, "I can well understand your refusal; but I must tell you that, even were you capable of having me arrested—which I am sure you are not—you would only hasten the movement." "No," replied Saldanha; "though I have no such intention, I will not allow *your* revolution to take place; as I intend to make one myself. In the state of irritation in which the country now is, a democratic movement might lead not only to the expulsion of the queen, but, probably, to the overthrow of her dynasty."

On his dwelling upon the insults to which the queen had been exposed, "And would you still care for this," repeated Das Antas, "after the way she has treated you? What harm would it do you to be regent during a minority?" "Senhor Conde," replied Saldanha with emphasis; "both for the love I feel towards her Majesty and for my country, I would avoid the calamities which would follow the expulsion of the queen."

On the 7th of April, 1851, accompanied only by his son, his nephew, and two orderlies, he rode out of Lisbon to Cintra, whence he addressed a circular to all generals in command, calling on them to assist in saving the queen and the Charter. Most of them immediately responded to his call; and he was received with enthusiasm by the people and the troops wherever he appeared. On hearing of his reception at Oporto, the queen gave up her premier, and called vainly on Terceira to replace him; whereupon, without consulting Saldanha, she signed a decree appointing him prime minister, and wrote to require his immediate presence in the capital; treating him, in fact, not as a rebellious subject, but as an English sovereign would treat a leader of opposition who had carried a vote of want of confidence against the government.

On the 8th of May the British minister, Sir Hamilton Seymour, writes to him:—

The throne is surrounded by dangers which your presence alone can avert. The persons who are intent upon disorders and treason are as well aware of this as I am; and are, therefore, intent upon keeping you away as long as possible: hence the suggestion of your staying awhile at Oporto, and of your coming by land journey to Lisbon.

I entreat of you then—for the sake of the queen, and for your own sake—do not attend to such insinuations. Come here by sea, as the most rapid means of conveyance; and come instantly—without an hour's delay.

The garrison is all for you; the town is all for you; and from the king and queen I will

guarantee you not only a generous, but a cordial reception.

This letter is written at the desire of *your* queen: and it is likewise at the request of H. M. F. M. that, with a view to its speedy delivery, I despatch a steamer to Oporto.

This is the kind of documentary evidence that should be remembered when Saldanha's conduct is judged.

Before he left Oporto, proposals were made to him by a deputation from Lisbon to proclaim, on his arrival at the capital, his own regency, and the abdication of the queen. The marshal requested the members of it to be seated while he prepared a written reply. He wrote as follows:—

"I will immediately order to be shot any one who, on my entering Lisbon, should dare to utter a single word disrespectful to the queen or to her authority."

He was received with the utmost cordiality by the queen and king-consort, and, after being named by royal letters commander-in-chief of the army, he was empowered to form a ministry, in which he took the presidency with the home and war departments to himself. He set to work honestly to reform some crying abuses, but the distinctive feature of his administration was the *Acto Adicional*, a compromise between the Charters of 1820 and 1826. The queen had resumed her former familiar tone.

MEU QUERIDO DUQUE,

As you did not come last night, I beg you will appear to-day about 12 o'clock; and that you will persuade the king to go to-morrow to the bull-fight. When you come, I will tell you why I am so anxious about going to the bull-fight. We shall be to-night at the French theatre. Do not fail to come to us.

MARIA.

She died on the 15th of November, 1853, and the king-consort became regent during the minority of their eldest son, who assumed the government by the title of Pedro V. on the 16th of September, 1855. Saldanha was constantly suffering from a painful complaint, and the death of his wife (Aug. 1855) was a severe blow. He had also an acrimonious opposition to encounter, but he held out till the 6th of June, 1856, when he resigned in consequence of an adverse vote of the Upper House, and the refusal of the king to create peers. He was succeeded by the Marquis (afterwards Duke) de Loulé. At the pressing request of the new ministry, and on the understanding that there was to be no change of policy, he continued commander-in-chief. In the course of the September following, he married his

second wife, an Englishwoman *née* Athelstane, the sister of the Conde da Carnota, to whom he writes directly after the ceremony that he is now the happiest of men. During the next two years he kept aloof from politics, and was induced by his speculative turn of mind to join in various companies, which turned out the reverse of profitable.* One was to found a vast establishment on the Tagus, and fabricate unlimited quantities of artificial guano with fish. After becoming a director of three, he wrote to resign his commission of commander-in-chief on the ground that if he should have to apply for some concession, "would it not appear as one who went on the high-road to solicit alms with a pistol in his hand?" He had devoted much time and thought to homeopathy, and the result appeared in the shape of a work of one hundred and fifty-three pages, "*Estado da Medicina*," published in 1858, and dedicated to the king.

In less than two years and a half the Loulé ministry had become so unpopular, that the king wrote to Saldanha to charge him with the formation of a new one; a task which he declined unless his Majesty unreservedly admitted the principle of "*Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas.*"

The king died on the 11th of November, 1861, and was succeeded by his brother, Dom Luiz, who, on hearing of his accession, is reported to have exclaimed, "I have lost by one stroke the two things which I most prized in this world — my brother and my liberty." In October, 1862, he was married to the Princess Maria Pia, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, and in honor of this event Saldanha was created by royal letters duke-parent to the royal family. When placing these "letters" in his hands, his Majesty expressed a great desire that the marshal should be his representative at the court of Rome; and urged that his acceptance of the mission would, for various political reasons, render great service to Portugal. This mission he accepted, and held from November, 1862, to December, 1864, and again from November, 1866, to December, 1869; giving by the splendor of his receptions and entertainments an *éclat* to the embassy which it has not

* "From a letter addressed to him, on the 20th of October, 1864, by the secretary of the 'Portugal Iron and Coal Company,' we learn that he was a subscriber for one hundred shares in that undertaking. Unfortunately, neither from that, nor from any other company in which he was a shareholder, did he ever receive one single dividend!" (Vol. ii., p. 364.) He lent his name as chairman or president to the Lisbon Tramway Company, but it does not appear that he took any part in the management or direction.

enjoyed since. His devotion to the Catholic Church made him particularly acceptable to the pope.

Whilst at Rome he wrote and published in Italian a work entitled "*Concordanza delle Scienze Naturali e principalmente della Geologia, con la Genesia*," — always a favorite subject, on which he took the orthodox side. The late Lady William Russell acknowledges the receipt of a copy in a letter dated "Audley Square, Day of the Purification, 1864."

Many thanks, my dear duke, for the book with the pretty concetto of "*Che sarà, sarà*."* Alas! *Che sarà* in Germany?

I recommend my Roman son (Lord Odo) to your protection, as a sequel to the friendship of our Lisbon days, when he was a little child, and you came to *Janellas Verdes* (the British Legation), and were in your brilliant military, patriotic, heroic days. . . . I am still, and, I fear, ever shall be, a great invalid! but I keep to my friendships; and am proud of numbering you amongst my *hommes illustres*! though I cannot write terse parallels, like Plutarch, or I would compare you to the Cid.

Whilst at Lisbon, in the interim between his periods of residence at Rome, the premiership was repeatedly pressed upon him by the king, and in January, 1869, his Majesty wrote, "I cannot dispense with the service I request of you." To obey this command, he took leave of the pope, and was on his way back when, on reaching Bordeaux, he received a telegram, announcing that the ministers retained their posts; and that the legation at Paris was at his disposal.

His mission to Paris did not last long, and was principally remarkable for his conferences with the French emperor touching the proposed union of the Spanish and Portuguese crowns on the head of Dom Fernando. In the mean time misgovernment and popular discontent had reached their acme in Portugal, and in May, 1869, Saldanha felt imperatively called upon to repeat the part which he had so successfully enacted some three or four times already. He proceeded to the palace and told the king he must dismiss his ministry: "I had many times the honor of saying to his Majesty that his persistence in retaining the ministry might be fatal to him. I reminded him of Charles X. and Polignac; of Louis Philippe and Guizot; of Isabella II. and Gonzalez Bravo."

On the king still hesitating, he said: —

Sire, I am unwilling to be considered ambitious, or disloyal to the crown; but I might appear so, if I did not endeavor to prevent a revolution which should oblige me to become the regent. I will, therefore, put myself at the head of a revolution, such as I know I shall be able to guide and control for your Majesty's advantage; and be assured that I will not, in my old age, dishonor my steadfast principles of loyalty.

He was as good as his word. He had only to hold up his hand to produce a military demonstration in unison with the popular feeling; and, after some show of resistance, the ministry resigned, and he again became lord of the ascendant. Tranquillity being thus restored, he tendered in the evening the resignation of the offices he had accepted in the morning. The king replied by forcing on him an additional office, the department of foreign affairs, and as its representative he addressed a circular to the diplomatic agents abroad, recapitulating and justifying what had been done.

He was now in his eightieth year, and all Europe was disposed to echo the remark of the *Times*, that "there was something *so* extravagant in the idea of a nation crouching at the feet of an octogenarian general." But, be it observed, it was the voluntary act of the nation; and it was moral rather than physical force which enabled him to execute this *coup d'état*.

His next and last administration had lasted one hundred days, when he accepted the post of minister to the Court of St. James's, upon the understanding that no political reaction would be attempted by his successors. He led, as might have been anticipated from his advanced age, a quiet, unobtrusive life in London, so quiet that Lord Derby, sitting next the duchess one day at dinner, said to her, "I am going to try to pick a quarrel with Portugal." "Indeed," was the reply, "why so?" "Oh!" rejoined his lordship, "only that I may have the pleasure of seeing the marshal oftener at the Foreign Office."

Some scraps of his conversation have been preserved. By way of an apology for the surrender at Sedan, it was observed that the "French had exhausted their powder." "They had their bayonets," was his dry rejoinder. When he was asked to what he imputed Napoleon's constant success until Waterloo, "Because until then he had never encountered an English army." When an aide-de-camp remonstrated with him for walking his

horse back from the front during a hot fire, he sententiously made answer, "In the presence of an enemy advance at a gallop, but retire at a foot's pace."

His most important work, in two parts, was published during his residence in England; the first part in 1874, the other in 1876. The translated title is —

The Voice of Nature; or the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of GOD shown in Creation; in the connection between the Inorganic and the Organic World; and in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Structure of Plants, and to the Moral and Physical Constitution of Man.

The Archbishop of York acknowledged the reception of a copy in these complimentary terms : —

I have read with great interest your important work. Whilst there are, of course, some things in it which are written from the standpoint of another Church, it is impossible not to admire, and appreciate highly, such an earnest attempt to defend the truth against disbelief. I doubt not that it will do much good.

He died at Gloucester Place on November 21, 1876, four days after he had completed his eighty-sixth year. The body was conveyed to Lisbon and buried in state with royal honors. He died in embarrassed circumstances, and a pension of 533*l.* was granted by the Chambers to the widow, with one of 444*l.* to his sole surviving son.

The career of which we have given little more than an outline was and is wholly without parallel, precedent, or example in any country. Saldanha has been called the Espartero of Spain, but he presents rather a contrast than resemblance to the Spanish dictator, who grasped the supreme power which Saldanha repeatedly refused. At the risk of being thought paradoxical, we should say that he had more in common with the Iron Duke, — asking first in a crisis how the king's (or queen's) government was to be carried on, always guiding his course by the public weal as his polestar, and subordinating even principle to broad considerations of expediency. There is extant a letter from Saldanha to a minister of war, in which he says : —

I cannot help telling you that on many occasions I have undertaken acts of the most decided rashness, and have always come out successful. The results have proved that, notwithstanding obstacles which to many appeared insuperable, victory was possible. Up to the present moment, thanks to the Supreme Being, I have never suffered a defeat; an evident proof, that in the numberless engage-

ments, assaults, and battles, in which I have led my comrades to victory, I never undertook impossibilities.

He might have said nearly the same of his political exploits, of his *coups d'état* — which, rash as they generally appeared, never failed when he was left to himself. Nor is it enough to say that they were well planned and well executed; or that he was eminently endowed with courage and decision, the qualities which carry all before them in revolutionary times. Uniform success on such a variety of occasions cannot be explained away in this fashion. Why was he trusted by sovereign after sovereign, telling them all along that he was defying their authority, keeping order by disorder, and committing treason out of loyalty? Why did the people as well as the army rise at his bidding whenever he proclaimed that the hour of action had struck? Why did English ambassadors encourage and applaud measures so much opposed to English notions of legality? They must one and all have given him credit for honesty of purpose; and his consistency of aim is beyond dispute. The two things which he kept steadily in view throughout were the monarchy and the Liberal constitution; and on a careful analysis it will be found that the preservation of one or the other was involved in every exceptional proceeding on which he staked his honor and his life. He acted strictly on the maxim, —

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

He was pre-eminently the man for an emergency, but he never intrigued to create or accelerate one: he never came till he was wanted; and whenever he put his shoulder to the wheel, it was on the eve of an otherwise inevitable crash. This is a decisive answer to the current calumny that he remained quiet whilst his pecuniary affairs were in a satisfactory state, and that, when he wanted money, he made a revolution. Moreover, to suppose him possessed of such a talisman, such an Aladdin's lamp, is simply to exalt his influence, his powers of mind and strength of character at the expense of his disinterestedness; which is not commonly the strong point of men who win their way to eminence, of men who leave "footprints on the sands of time."

His views were not far-reaching, and his statesmanship was not of the highest order, or he would have established something permanent, something to obviate the constant recurrence of the evils to

which his drastic remedies were applied. But he has left a reputation that his countrymen will not speedily let die. When a deputy towards the close of 1870 stated in the Chamber at Lisbon, that Saldanha had not stood alone as the champion of the Constitution, another indignantly replied :—

True: but without the Marshal Saldanha, the cause of liberty was lost. He is our only general; and base is it to deny his work. If France, instead of Bazaines and Lebœufs, had had Marshal Saldanha, she would not, at this moment, be trampled upon by Prussia.

Although, therefore, he may not be placed by posterity where his biographer would fain place him—in the category of statesmen and warriors alongside of Washington—he will fill some of the most luminous pages in Portuguese history, and take high rank amongst the brightest illustrations of the nineteenth century who just fall short of being great.

From Temple Bar.

GIRL AND GRANDFATHER.

THE pretty, sleepy parish of Aspenkirk lay basking in the fervid blaze of a noon-tide sun, one Sunday, early in June, some five-and-forty years ago. It was the hour of morning service, and the doors of the old parish church stood open, so that the rector as he stood preaching in the worm-eaten pulpit, a commanding-looking figure in his black gown, could see all around him, not only the living flock of which he was the shepherd, and who now sat respectfully hearkening to his accents of rolling thunder, but also the quiet, grassy graves outside, where the village forefathers lay taking their rest under the daisies. I, too, could see from the corner where I sat in my grandfather's pew, a green patch of churchyard, with a butterfly skimming about the porch, which was very refreshing to me after keeping my eyes dutifully fixed on my prayer-book such a long, long time. Close to the door sat the workhouse children, who also snatched a fearful joy as they sniffed the summer air, but woe to the wight whose roving eye, or gently protruded head was detected by the guardian's searching glance. Crack went the cane on poor woodenpate, to his grief and anguish, and at the well-known sound my heart would bleed for woodenpate as I thought how sore his head would be next time he had his hair brushed. Our pew was a com-

fortable square box in the north aisle, well-cushioned and carpeted, with plenty of high hassocks, on one of which I generally sat, my head resting on my grandfather's knee. We were great allies, he and I, and braved my grandmother's looks of mild disapproval on many minute occasions, when her sense of propriety was ruffled by some childish freedom of gesture, or breach of rules conventional. She was a strict disciplinarian, and could not forget how in her young days the maternal hand had held a stick when the hour of correction came, a vision which always made me rejoice in secret that my great-grandmother was safe out of sight and reach before I came into a world, where, as a rule, children were naughty. No reforming finger had as yet been laid on Aspenkirk Church. The large east window, thickly festooned with ivy, looked beautiful in my inexperienced eyes. I did not know how hideous the white-washed walls and great high pews were, but I hated old Robbie, the clerk, who took so prominent a part in the services, and whose droll nasal performances, and self-satisfied smirk, used to excite me to illicit smiling, which not all the cold severity of my grandmother's eye could control. Heavens! what a performance was the "Old Hundredth" in those days at Aspenkirk Church! There was no organ, nor can I remember any tuneful voices, but I can still hear Robbie, in high monotone, giving out each line successively, before it was sung by the congregation of untutored north-country voices at the full pitch of the lungs. One hymn-tune which was in use, and which, in spite of barbarous treatment, still haunted my ear and gave me pleasure, I never heard elsewhere, till after many years, in a French convent, I found it again, and recognized in the old Latin invocation to Mary, chanted so pathetically by the nuns of Avranches, the identical melody that had charmed me in Aspenkirk Church when I was a child. But this is a digression. Let us get outside the church this glorious summer day, for the rector's discourse is over, the first rush of Cumberland clogs has escaped into the churchyard, the lads and lasses are sidling off in company, the farmers gathering in knots for a gossip about the hay and other rustic matters, and their wives and daughters are exchanging civilities and the tittle-tattle of the week, before dispersing to their several homes. Through them all strides the rector, in gown and college cap, tall, spare, and aristocratic. Bob go the

children, the women curtsy; he nods, pleasant and royal-looking, as he passes through them all down the churchyard path, his eagle eye sweeping their ranks, and an indescribable effluence of high breeding and careless kindheartedness playing about him like an invisible atmosphere.

"Ah! Mrs. Somerby," he cries out to my grandmother, "what a fine rose you have there! Why have I none like this in my garden?"

"Dear! Mr. Featherstone," she says, "you have finer far than this, for certain," as she puts the rose into his hand.

He stood smelling it critically.

"Where will you match me a fragrance like this among all the apothecary's gums?" says he, in that deep, rolling voice that always sounded to me like the sea.

He carried it off with him as he disappeared through the door in the rectory wall, and from that day the bush on which the ruddy rose had grown was called the "apothecary's rose." My grandmother's quaint-looking conveyance, styled the "minibus," was standing waiting for us outside the churchyard wall, under the shade of a great elm-tree, but old Farmer may just go on whisking his tail at the flies for another ten minutes, for the meetings at the church-gate are not to be scrambled through all in a moment.

I sat down on a gravestone, and waited contentedly enough while grandmamma gossiped. "Mary Atkinson" slumbered below. I began to draw mental pictures of Mary Atkinson's past, present, and future condition, who had lain here for fifteen years. Her natural body must have been eaten by the worms long ago. I wondered if her bones were quite gone also, and if the coffin was empty, and what was going on inside it now; and where Mary Atkinson's soul was waiting all this time, and if she were not rather tired of waiting, and feeling chilly without her old body? Suddenly I heard a cracked, quavering voice close at my ear, which made me start up in apprehension. Mary Atkinson's voice *might* sound as queer as that if she had nothing but a few bones left; but, oh relief! it was only Miss Betty Jefferson, who stood looking curiously at me from under her long poke bonnet, eccentrically trimmed with a knotted bunch of worsted stay-laces. My grandmother's more familiar tones saluted me, —

"Lotty, are you dreaming, child? Do you hear, Miss Betty is inviting you to tea?"

I stood up, confused, and properly overpowered by such an honor. Miss Betty's girdle-cakes were the creamiest in the parish; moreover, her cow, "Miss Story," was an old acquaintance, having been once a calf in our Holme field. Her garden lay in pleasant proximity to a broad and silvery river, and there, on a bed of fine gravel, I could enjoy an unmolested half-hour at the agreeable game of ducks and drakes.

I demurely thanked Miss Betty, whose old, puckered, parchment mask took an additional crease of approbation. I was only a visitor at my grandmother's house, and was to return to my parents in Scotland shortly. I think Miss Betty somehow expected to inhale, through my small personality, some impressions of the northern metropolis, as her sister, Miss Anne, always dubbed the city of my birth. Of Miss Anne I was considerably afraid. She was much more imposing than Miss Betty; wore a silk gown, and confined her hair by a very broad fillet of black velvet, which gave her an impressive appearance. She was generally spoken of in respectful tones, as "a woman of very superior mind." She was portly in person, and condescending in manner, but she had a displeasing custom of always coming down on me with a sudden public appeal on historical questions, which was sorely disconcerting, and made me timid in her august presence. Only last week, at my grandmother's tea-table, just when the hot, buttered cakes were coming in, she had startled me by the abrupt question, "Now then, Miss Charlotte, what is your opinion of the character of Henry VIII.?"

Tremblingly I felt that upon the style of my reply would depend Miss Anne's opinion of the system of education in the northern metropolis, and that my mother and my governess stood upon their trial in that dread moment. Grandpapa had somehow come to my aid, as he generally did in awkward emergencies, and I was saved for the time. But now, again, I saw her steadily approaching. Surely she would not desecrate the holy day with profane antiquarian researches. There was no saying. I slipped out at the churchyard gate, and made for the "minibus," where I sat, full of hopes and fears, a distinct hope being that my grandmother would not ask Miss Betty to Fairholm till after my departure, for the good lady, having a nervous disinclination to sleep alone in the yellow guest-chamber, had invited me, on a recent occasion, to keep her company there. Should I ever forget

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the vague, unutterable terrors of that night, when I, aroused by some inexplicable sympathy with Miss Betty's wakeful fears, opened my eyes in a pitchy darkness within that hearse-like bed, and heard in the unearthly silence the odd, croaking voice of Miss Betty proclaiming nervously, "*How* deadly still all is?"

My grandmother joined me at last, and we drove home to Fairholm in our usual jog-trot fashion, picking up my grandfather after we had gone about a mile. There were two little cupboards in the "minibus," whence grandmamma always produced some relishing gingerbread cake to beguile the long drive of four miles. What a pretty rural drive it was through the Aspenkirk plantations! How fragrant the odors of pine and fir! What a liberal margin of short, sweet turf bordered the park-like road on either side! Here and there we passed a cottar's cow, peacefully grazing on the roadside, followed step by step by a little herd-girl — patient virtue in miniature — for whom there was generally a bit of gingerbread to spare. Why does no gingerbread taste the same nowadays?

Narrower grew the lanes, and more tortuous. The hedges and ditches hereabouts are all a tangle of meadow-sweet and ragged robin. The home landscape is tame and monotonous; but in the distance rise the blue hills of the Borderland. And now we must cross Lyn Bridge. How black and sullen the river looks on the one side under the cliffs of red sandstone, and how brightly it ripples on the other! Then we turn a sharp corner, and descend gently for half a mile, through grandpapa's fields and plantations. At last we sight our own pretty homestead, and Farmer, with no need of admonition, turns into the courtyard, his labors ended for the day.

CHAPTER II.

READER, let me linger a moment over the memory of Paradise, for such was Fairholm to me. The days I passed there were purely happy, the only days out of a long life that shine ever undimmed in memory's golden light — Arcadian days, when my soul, like a bud, began to open softly to the morning sun, and no cankering worm crept nigh the favored blossom — days that rolled by blessedly uneventful, as I learned to read out of Nature's book, and to rejoice in the operations of her hands; to distinguish the notes of the birds, and watch

them in the coverts where they reared their young; to stand in the early morning, as the mower whetted his scythe, and smell the new-cut grass; to hunt the mushroom ere the dew dried upon the meadow, and gather the eggs for breakfast from the cackling hens; to watch the cows, over the byre-door, as they yielded their milk to the pail, and stand aside as they passed me lowing to the fragrant pastures. Here I learned the names and properties of flowers and herbs, and wrought in corner of my own with spade and watering-pot; watched the bloom on the plum, as it swelled to ripeness on the sunny wall, and the cherries reddening day by day beneath the net, among their pointed, glossy leaves. Down in the hay-fields, I played till I was weary, and read fairy-tales underneath the gold tassels of the laburnum-tree. And moving through all, was the influence of a mighty affection, which tintured everything in which I lived, moved, and had my being. Never have I loved any human being as I loved my grandfather. I loved my grandmother also, but in quite a secondary way. She was less indulgent, more impatient of the small mistakes and blunders of childhood. A little wholesome fear tempered my love for her, yet I liked well to lay my round young cheek against her soft, velvety old one, or to trot by her side as she visited the dairy and larder, and to watch her decant her clear gooseberry wine into the quaint old pint decanters, with roses wrought into the crystal. My first view of her in the day was always pleasant. She sat in a sunny window of the breakfast parlor, which looked into the garden — in sober, black gown, a clean muslin kerchief folded across her bosom, pinned at the throat by a little rose in garnets, the only ornament she ever wore, a gift of my grandfather in his courting days. She was always reading the same little book, Bogatzky's "*Golden Treasury*," whence she gathered, I fancy, her note for the day. I can see her well-cut features, her calm, sensible, spirited expression, and the little stiff brown curls upon her forehead, for she did not then wear her own hair. I now know that the mistress of Fairholm was a very handsome woman. My grandfather was not handsome — a homely-looking, blue-eyed man of medium stature and ruddy complexion. His smooth, bald crown I admired exceedingly. I was not the only person who paid him homage. John Somerby was master wherever he stepped. Another bright tint at the breakfast-table

was the china which lay on the snowy cloth, with odd, unmeaning pattern in Chinese style, vermillion and blue. I have never seen the same again. Nor could you have easily matched the grim waiting-maid in her large-flowered print gown, with forbidding countenance, the malevolent-looking old fairy of the house. She had but one eye, but nothing ever escaped the other. Work was as the breath of her nostrils. There are no such servants nowadays. As soon as breakfast was over, the Psalms for the day were read aloud by my grandfather and me, faithfully, verse about. My grandmother listened with her hands folded on her knee, and always said the doxology at the end in a curious accentuated way which impressed my imagination. Then my day began — out of doors with grandpapa, if weather was fine, pruning and watering the vines, and conversing with the pet toad, who never failed to come out of his corner of the vineyard at our entrance, or spudding thistles in the Holm field, or walking through the young plantations. Perhaps there was a sheep-washing on hand, then a glorious morning of excitement was spent at the riverside, where, amid a babel of barking dogs and shouting shepherds, the heavily-fleeced creatures were plunged into the river one by one to the men who waited, waist deep, to receive them, each newly-washed sheep swimming off to the opposite bank after the operation, as nimbly as though it had done nothing but swim through life.

On market-days I was sometimes allowed to drive to the cathedral town in grandpapa's dog-cart. These were days marked by a white stone. Then the old man would teach me to drive, and I was soon initiated into the rule of the road, and the handling of the reins, and great was my glory, as at the close of the day, I would skilfully draw up in the courtyard at Fairholm, grandpapa sitting in apparent indifference, his arms crossed on his breast, and a defiant look at grandmamma, who was always on the watch for our return, as much as to say, "Who says we can't drive?" Balzac writes somewhere of "the little blue flower of perfect felicity." Seldom is it found upon earth; but I gathered it, reader, at moments like these, and wore it in my bosom.

There was a curious erection in one of the plantations, an ingenious device of "Harry the Carpenter." A large barrel, set on end, with a door in the side, and a seat all around within. Here would my

grandfather and I sit together, many a time, sheltering from a summer shower, he trolling out some old English ballad, which I repeated after him, verse by verse, till I knew all he had to teach, and could give "The Minstrel Boy," or "Dulce Domum," at a harvest supper, to the wondering admiration of the rustics. The old man was, I believe, as happy as the child. Purer, more legitimate joys were never marred by the trail of the serpent. John Somerby was a man with a story, all unknown to me in those sweet, early days. I learned it bit by bit long after.

CHAPTER III.

In a secluded Lincolnshire village, fifty years before I came upon the scene, there grew up a rustic beauty in her father's cottage by the roadside, known to her little world as Somerby's Hannah. A fairer creature than Hannah at the age of sixteen, no artist ever drew. Greuze must have dreamed of her in some happy night, for in all the enchanting girlish heads that laugh or pout from his canvas, there is a fugitive glance of Hannah. No sheltered, pampered, delicate toy was she, but a playmate of nature, a creature kissed by breeze and sunshine, whose healthful, innocent charm blossomed all about her, from the curling, golden head, to the ached and rosy foot that seldom wore a stocking.

Madam Boothby, from the great house, driving slowly through the village one summer evening, heard a fresh voice singing like a lark.

"Larks don't usually sing so late," she suggested languidly. Then she spied the songstress, ankle-deep in the stream which madam's horses must presently ford. A three-year-old urchin sat astride on her shoulders, his fat arms cuddling round her neck, whose white secret was half revealed under the rumpled folds of a checked cotton kerchief. Madam's coach stopped, and she beckoned imperiously from the window. "Where do you spring from, pretty water-witch?" she said, in a fine drawl.

"She's noa a witch," cries little Bill from his perch, with a strangling embrace, which sends the rosy color racing over the girl's brow and bosom, "she's just our Hannah."

"Down, Bill, and hold thy tongue, will thee, when the lady speaks?" And now Bill's cheek is laid sheepishly against his sister's rough skirts, as she swings him from her shoulder to the dusty road.

"I'm Ralph Somerby's Hannah," said the girl simply.

"Somerby, Somerby," mused the lady, her large, black eyes scanning the girl curiously.

"Everybody knows Ralph Somerby," said Hannah seriously.

The lady smiled.

"I do believe this is the child that I sketched five years ago, Tamar," and she turned to the small, prim woman who sat beside her; Tamar Bee was housekeeper at Boothby Hall.

"Likely enough, my lady," she answers quietly. "Hannah's a good girl, and comes of good, honest folk. Her father —"

My lady laughed.

"What has that to do with it, good Tamar? Why, the girl's a prodigy, a marvel of beauty. She has the pose of a nymph, and her coloring, 'tis a Galatea! Oh that Gainsborough could see her! What have you been gathering, child?"

"Watercresses for mother's supper," said the girl, shyly proffering her basket, "but if madam will have them, they're rare and wholesome for the blood this time o' year," and the ripe, pouting lips parted in a dewy smile.

Lady Boothby put out a white hand for the cresses, on which flashed a magnificent sapphire. Hannah's eyes were caught by the sparkling jewel.

"Your eyes are finer, child," said madam with a sigh, patting the girl's downy cheek. "Tell your mother to bring you to the Hall to-morrow. I must see you again."

Then she drove away, and Hannah and little Bill stood and watched her coach till a bend in the road shut it out from their sight.

"Sing again, Hannah," cried little Bill; "sing 'Willow, Willow;'" but Hannah walked on and sang no more that night.

When she and her mother repaired to the Hall next day, they were very graciously received in the housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Tamar Bee was occupied in arranging much fine linen in large oaken presses. There was a fragrant smell of lavender all about. The French windows opened upon a little garden, where deep borders, set with sweet old-fashioned flowers and herbs, entertained the bees and butterflies on sunny days. A flagged pathway led down through the middle of the garden, overhung here and there by overarching apple-trees, and a high hedge of hollies bounded the little enclosure, beyond which rose a murmur-

ous pine wood, from whose cool depths came evermore the wood-pigeon's soft, crooning proclamation of love and bliss. The small, precise old fairy who bore rule in this favored corner, was Mrs. Tamar Bee, housekeeper at Boothby Hall for five-and-twenty years. Her mother had been confidential maid and companion to a deceased Madam Boothby, under whose eye Tamar had been trained and educated so perfectly for her present post, that she naturally fell into it at the first opportunity. Boothby Hall was her world, and in her eyes no Boothby could do wrong. The present Lady Boothby was a dowager, and an earl's daughter, who had spent much of her life in foreign courts, whither her husband had carried her on his various diplomatic missions. He had died three years ago at Florence, and not many months afterwards, his eldest son, a delicate but promising young man, had followed him to the grave. The present owner of the Hall was a youth of nineteen or twenty, now serving his Majesty upon the seas, under Admiral Rodney, and the old family seat lay lonely and beautiful, waiting for the coming of the master. Lady Boothby had no daughter, and for female friendships she had little liking. Her tastes and habits were foreign, and her visits to the Hall were rare. She dabbled in art, drew and painted with some skill, and kept up a large correspondence with odd and eminent people. She sincerely mourned the loss of her husband, and regretted the political excitements from which his death had, in some measure, excluded her. Whimsical and eccentric, of proud, imperious temper, she yet exercised much fascination when she desired to please. She had secluded herself now at the Hall, to await tidings of her son, whose adventurous life at once touched her imagination, and awakened her maternal anxiety.

She now saw before her in this beautiful peasant girl a source of interest, and kindling, as she ever did, at the presence of beauty, she insisted that Hannah should leave her father's cottage, and come to the Hall. The girl was nothing loth. She nestled under the wing of Tamar Bee, who taught her the delicate housewife arts whenever my lady was tired of her plaything, and soon grew attached to the docile, graceful creature, who moved about in costumes of my lady's devising, gathered the lavender and rose-leaves, washed my lady's laces, and brought sunshine and music into the quiet solitude of Boothby Hall. Old

Ralph Somerby fretted for his daughter; little Bill, and an elder brother, Ralph, missed the pretty, soft-hearted sister, who had been at once playfellow and nurse. The rose was plucked from the home wall, and the cottage looked dull without it. But gentle, unselfish Mrs. Somerby would not complain. The girl was better off, and learning what would lift her a step higher in life than her neighbors. The child was too pretty for their rough ways; and when Hannah would come in for an hour, blooming and tenderly loving as ever, with a cake for the boys of her own baking, and a compliment of tea from Mrs. Tamar for mother, good Mrs. Somerby exulted quietly, and took her double burden of household labor without a grudge. And the year wore on. Public affairs were unsettled. England had proclaimed war with Holland; and from the American shores tidings came of the capture of one West Indian island after another from the Spaniards. But no news from Mr. Boothby had reached his mother, who grew anxious and dispirited. One day in spring, as my lady lay on her couch, turning over a portfolio of sketches by Mr. Hogarth, while Hannah hovered near, holding now one, now another, in this light or that, as she was bidden, the heavy silken curtain was parted which hung across the doorway of the chamber, a handsome, dark young face looked in upon the two women, and, in a moment, without further notice, Mr. Boothby was kneeling by his mother's side, kissing her hands. But the joyful surprise was too much for the poor lady, who, with a faint cry, swooned away. Pale and terrified, a scared look in her lovely eyes, Hannah flew to support her mistress, passed a round arm about her neck, and gazed speechless at the splendid apparition of manhood in all its bravery that stood before her. As in a dream, she saw and heard all the wonderful bustle of the next few moments, took the distilled water from Mrs. Bee's small, trembling fingers, and bathed the pale face whose eyes presently opened, and fastened with a look of hungry love upon her son.

"Come, mother," cried a hearty, boyish voice. "I never thought to frighten you so. Don't you see it's your own ne'er-do-well Jack, who is always blundering, confound him, instead of doing things soberly, like other folk!"

She was awake now, and hanging on his neck with tears of joy.

"Tamar, do you see him? So like his father! so changed in three short years!

Oh, my boy! what tales you have to tell me!"

Then the vision faded, and Hannah was back in Mrs. Bee's room with a fluttering at her heart. Now began a time of joyful excitement. The young heir was come to take possession. His friends crowded round him. He went and came, and made a joyful stir. The tenantry were feasted, and my lady looked younger by ten years when she cast aside her mourning garments. The hall was alive. Horses, men, and coaches went and came, bringing gay company. The village was *en fête*, and there was a thanksgiving service at the parish church for the safe return of the wanderer from the sea and all its perils. Moreover, Mr. Boothby had brought wonderful store of all strange and beautiful spoils from other lands, and much prize-money, which he displayed and gave with lavish hand. Many wonderful tales had he to tell, to which Hannah was often permitted to listen, as she sat at her mistress's feet, with eyes cast down, and an indescribable tremor at her heart. 'Twas Othello and Desdemona over again, with a difference. When she looked up to steal a glance at the sunburnt, animated face, such wonder shone in her eyes, that as a loadstone, they drew his down to meet them. One fatal flash, and the sweet eyes would fall abashed. But Jack could not brook such glances unscathed. Her beauty took his breath away; and it was not long before every shining hair on the girl's head had become precious to him.

"Mother," he had said, the day of his arrival, "what rare blossom of beauty is that you have coming and going in the house?"

"My little Hannah," she answered. "Yes, yes; it is Ralph Somerby's daughter, one of the laborers' children — quite a curiosity of beauty. I shall take her abroad with me next year. Sir Joshua must paint her. She is too choice a rose to bloom on a Lincolnshire hedge."

Mr. Boothby quite agreed with his mother, and commended her taste of a handmaiden. Never had he dreamed of so choice a creature. But Hannah seemed to fear him, and went no longer unsummoned to her mistress's presence. Then the youth must visit Mrs. Bee with dutiful regularity; watch the boiling of preserves and the brewing of cowslip wine, while Hannah tripped about, bashful and silent. See the girl he must and would. One day he brought her a necklace of beads.

"Here, Hannah," said he. "I have given you nothing from all my stores. You shall have these beads for your pretty neck," and he would have clasped them on, but she trembled, and drew behind Tamar Bee.

"Nay, now, Mr. Boothby, better not," said the little old woman. "Hannah is shy, and she must not be spoiled, sir."

The boy laughed.

"Wear them yourself then, Mrs. Tamar. I will not have them back again."

"Nay, sir," said she earnestly, "that will not do either."

"Let me have them, Mrs. Bee," said poor Hannah, piteously. She stretched out her hand, looking almost ready to cry, lifted them from the table, and hung them on her arm with a low, happy laugh.

"Go, go, sir," now said Mrs. Bee. "Hannah and I have much on hand."

The young fellow strolled off through the garden, and passed into the wood. Mrs. Bee was disturbed with a vague presentiment of evil, to which she could give no name. She kept Hannah always beside her, and was shorter to her than usual. Hannah bloomed more deliciously pretty than ever, and Mr. Jack had long fits of mooning.

So Christmas-tide came on and passed, and then Mr. Boothby must join his ship again, sorely against his mother's will; but in this thing he would have his way. He had pledged his word to sail yet once more, to win glory with his mates upon the Spanish Main, and his time was up. After this voyage he would come home for good, and dwell with his mother at the Hall.

So he went, and left sad hearts behind him. Hannah drooped and pined so visibly, that at last my lady noticed her pale cheeks.

"What ails you, girl?" she asked.

"Naught, madam," said Hannah, flushing scarlet.

Mrs. Bee watched, disquieted.

Two or three months glided away. Lady Boothby talked of a journey to town during her son's absence, and began in an indolent, purposeless way to get ready for it, when a terrible rumor came to the Hall, which a few days confirmed.

A desperate engagement of twelve hours' duration had taken place with the French, off the island of Dominica. Admiral Rodney was victorious, and the French admiral was taken prisoner with the "Ville de Paris," and six ships of the line. But the English had lost two ships, and among the slain was Lieutenant John

Boothby. He had died fighting bravely as an English gentleman should, and one long, gold curl lay upon his heart, which they did not take from him.

Lady Boothby was childless, and the Hall without a master. When the poor bereaved lady awoke from her first trance of anguish, she called for Hannah; but Tamar Bee, paler and graver than ever, told her the girl was gone home to her mother, and talked long with her mistress. In a few days the old housekeeper accompanied Lady Boothby to London, and soon after returned alone to the Hall, which was once more left silent and solitary.

A cloud rested upon the village, and lay blackest on Ralph Somerby's cottage. Hannah was in trouble, and her trouble could not be spoken of. She lingered, sad and suffering, till she bore a son, and the same night she passed away without a word or a sigh, and a wailing, nameless baby took her place in the cottage. The broken-hearted grandmother nourished it in her bosom. But Ralph passed out and in, heavy and displeased, and was never more seen to smile. He aged prematurely, and was carried to the churchyard a year afterwards.

When ten years had passed away, Susan Somerby said to the boy: "Jack, love, it's time thee was earning thy living."

"Very well, mother," said he. "What mun I do?"

"Thou mun go to Carraby next market-day, and seek out Mark Preston at the Golden Lamb. He is my sister's son, and has promised me to look after thee."

Then she washed and mended him the clothes on his back, and a change in his hand, and when Farmer Sloman's cart stayed for the child at the foot of the lane, Mrs. Somerby was there with him ready. She put five shillings, rolled in many pavers, into the boy's pocket.

"It's all I shall ever give thee, child," she said.

He kissed her with a sob, clambered into the cart, and was borne away, to begin life for himself. He never saw her again, or his native village, till forty years had passed away, and he stood once more before the cottage door, a grey-headed, prosperous gentleman. Two old men, wrinkled and bent, sat in the porch, eating their supper with horn spoons in the evening sun.

The stranger looked at them fixedly.

"This was once Ralph Somerby's cottage," he said at last.

"Ay, ay, so 'tis still. I'm Ralph Somerby," said the older of the two men.

"And you are Bill, then," pursued the questioner, with an odd twinkle in his eye. "May I sit down beside you, for old acquaintance' sake?"

Bill looked hard, rose up slowly, and gazed at the stranger, but no recognition followed. Then he began to talk.

In a few minutes, "It's never our Hannah's little Jack!" they cried.

Early next morning John Somerby went to the churchyard, to see what time had left him of his past. It was Saturday, and the church door stood open. An old woman was sweeping out the week's dust.

Nothing was much changed. A tablet in the chancel wall which he remembered, ran, "Sacred to the beloved memory of John Everard Boothby, second son of Joseph Boothby, Esquire, of Boothby Hall, Lieutenant in H. M.'s Navy. Killed in the glorious action off Dominica, under Admiral Rodney, April 12th, 1780." Then he wandered into the churchyard, and, after some searching, found a stone, sunk almost out of sight, whose moss-grown letters traced three names. First stood "Hannah Somerby, aged 17, died July 6th, 1780." Then, "Ralph Somerby, January 2nd, 1782." Lower down, "Susan Somerby, December 12th, 1795." Here was kindred dust, and — many nettles. He gathered two or three blades of grass, placed them in his pocket-book, and turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNE had favored Jack Somerby. She had played a rare game at ball with him, and tossed him here and there into many an odd corner, but she always picked him up again, and rolled him in neatly to the right place, at the right moment. He had plenty of bounce in him. Hard knocks never hurt him, and he was always in the thick of the game. Jack was dogged, plucky, and indomitable. His blood ran warm; he took his whippings as a matter of course; enjoyed his dinner, or could go without it; sleep as soundly under a haystack as in a bed; and picked up knowledge and halfpence anywhere, everywhere, as best he could. Fortune threw him many a chance, and he never lost one. He never forgot a face or a favor, never lied, and was never found in bad company. By-and-by he found, to his surprise, he had a character. He kept it. He sought no friendships, and made no enemies. There was something in his good-humored, steadfast, sterling nature

that made him welcome everywhere. Honest, handy, and shrewd, he never lacked a job; at the forge, in the stable, or the courtyard of the inn, some bit of work lay waiting for him. If it baffled him, he never rested till he had mastered it. Of books he knew little; they seldom lay in his way, and he was too busy for reading. He had an old imperfect copy of the Bible, and a Prayer-book, with his mother's name in it. He always went to church.

When Jack was twenty years old, he had an acknowledged place in the world, to which he had honestly fought his way. Two or three years later, Mrs. Tamar Bee, dying in Lincolnshire, at Boothby Hall, left four thousand pounds to Jack Somerby, with her blessing. He took good advice, and bought a thriving business in the north. The Featherstone Arms was one of the best houses on the road to London. The Scotch mails passed that way, and traffic was rapidly increasing: the world was beginning to travel. Here Jack was his own master, the right man in the right place, and the ball at his feet, with golden Opportunity holding out her hand to him. Jack took it, and strode on to fortune. He married happily and wisely, an old soldier's daughter, and the pair transmitted to a beautiful only child, a full tide of life, and promise of happy fortune.

As she reached womanhood her father withdrew to a small estate he had purchased, as a permanent home for wife and daughter. Fair was the home that arose at his bidding, amidst lawns and meadows, while slowly and steadily rose the house he had planned, under his shaping hand, and the sound of the mason's chisel, and the carpenter's plane, mingled with the lowing of his kine, and the barking of his pointers. The wise master-builder tasted the incommunicable joys of a creator. Day by day, his hand and eye prepared and arranged the landscape which his soul foresaw, a belt of plantation here, there a sweep of lawn, and with every tree was planted a hope, and a fair ambition lay imprisoned in every rising wall. But sweet Anne Somerby was presently lured from her father's side, away over the Border, by a "braw woer," who had also prepared a dainty nest for a delicate bird. John Somerby never quite forgave his son-in-law. He had stolen the bird that should have sung in the Fairholm bushes. Year after year she would return, a smiling penitent, bringing a peace-offering to the proud grandparents of baby

daughters, a stumbling, prattling troop of blooming cherubs. I was the first-born of the flock.

Now the acts of these youngsters, and the games that they played, and the sins that they sinned, and the joys and the terrors of their rosy, blissful infancy, are they not chronicled in the memories of certain old ladies, who look through their spectacles across the tract of bygone years, fondly and sadly, to the place where the morning broke for them, golden and fair. They remember a certain Monday morning, when three of them, Lotty, Mary, and Bet, all arrayed in fresh calico dresses, and spotless sun-bonnets, sauntering in the Holm field with vague intentions of enjoyment, as opportunity might afford, arrived at the duck-pond, a considerable sheet of water, in the centre of which was an island, and the ducks' house. The only communication with the mainland was a plank, a foot wide, close to the level of the water. Satan (it could be no other) implanted in their bosoms a strong desire to call at Ducks' Island. He spoke by the mouth of Bet. The temptation was irresistible. It was a spot hitherto unexplored. There was a possibility of plunder, in the shape of ducks' eggs. Mary hesitated and dissented, not, I grieve to say, from a moral point of view, but from a nervous conviction that she should not be able to cross the bridge in safety. A proposal that she should remain behind, she scouted. To remain behind was ignominious, and not to be endured. It was finally arranged she should be placed in the middle, I, Lotty, in the van, Bet in the rear, and that she should touch a supporting hand on either side. Forward we went, and had just arrived half-way, when Mary, casting a side glance at the water, without a word of warning, plunged with a faint screech into the pond, dragging both Bet and me down to perdition. Sinking to the waist in mud and water, we floundered to shore, and stood looking on one another, truly doleful objects. Bitterly we reproached the perfidious Mary, whose behavior was truly enraged, but she sullenly said she had told us all along that she should turn giddy, and she was right. Mary was always right. At this moment up came the farm horses to be watered, and seated on one was my staunch friend John Beatty, a "trusty servant."

"Eh! Miss Lotty, and Miss Mary, where ha'e ye been, for pity's sake?" surveying us with a laughing eye. "Ye maun gae to the big hoose straight awa',

but no by the front door, lassies,—slip in by the back. My Mary's up there washing the morn, and she'll sort ye afore grandmamma knows aught."

Without a word we followed his advice, and stole like thieves into the back court. There, as ill-luck would have it, stood my grandmother, bargaining with old Highland Nelly for fowls. Her eye instantly fell upon us, and there was no mercy in it. I suppose such misdemeanors are heinous in the sight of good housewives, and we must certainly have been disreputable objects, but it seems to me, nowadays, a pity old ladies don't laugh on such occasions. What an hour of martyrdom we endured in the washhouse that Monday morning!

Yet another little episode.

My grandmother was a charitable woman, and visited much among the poor people of the country-side. Sometimes she took me with her on these visitations. One of her pensioners was a disreputable old rascal named Tom Brown, who inhabited a mud-hovel on the road to C——. My grandmother warned me to beware, at the entrance, of a kind of circular ditch full of dirty water, which lay upon his threshold. I had to leap across it before I could enter the cottage, where bear-eyed Tom sat smoking. He was a very uninviting-looking specimen of humanity in rags, and existed, I believe, on a small allowance from the parish. My grandmother addressed him with some sharpness in her accent.

"How long is it since you were at church, Tom?" said she.

"Three weeks agone last Sunday, Mrs. Somerby. The rector, he says to me, 'If you'll come to church, Tom,' says he, 'I'll preach you a sermon, all for yourself,' says he. And I went, ma'am. But he deceived me, did Mr. Featherstone. Ne'er a word on't touched my case at all. Ugh! 'twas all about the ordinary run of sinner, ma'am, quite commonplace; and when I'd walked four mile, and a broiling araternoond, 'twas downright unhandsome of him to put me off, and so I showed him, for when he was nigh half through what he'd got to say, I jist giv him a look, and walked out at the church door, I did. But, Mrs. Somerby" (with a villainous whine), "if ye want to do a good turn to a poor wretch, I want a pair o' specs, to read the Word o' God, mum."

My grandmother surveyed him grimly.

"There's a piece of beef for you, Tom, in the mean time. If you had stayed to

the end of the rector's discourse, I doubt not you would have heard a word in season. What do you keep such a large stick on your bed for?"

" 'Deed, mum, jist to hit at the rats as they run over me by night. I'm mighty bothered wi' rats, Mrs. Somerby."

A shudder passed over me, and I raised my eyes towards the roof of the miserable den. A rope stretched across one corner, whereon hung a very dingy-looking garment, shaped like a shirt.

"Will no neighbor wash you a shirt, Tom?" said my grandmother.

"Deed, Mrs. Somerby, I canna afford washing. I wear my shirt as long as practicable, and then just hang it there till the flees drap aff it, and pit on the ither. It saves a waird o' trouble."

I was glad to leap back over Tom's cesspool, and enter presently a more agreeable-looking dwelling, where a bright, hearty woman welcomed us. But my grandmother was in a scolding mood to-day.

"Now, Peggy," said she irritably, "what's this I hear of you, another baby coming, and the last not walking yet! Fie, fie," and she looked quite crossly at poor Peggy, who, turning aside, and ready to cry, apologized humbly for the accident.

"Oh, Mrs. Somerby, don't ye say a word. Poor John's that vexed, he is!"

"John should be ashamed of himself," said my grandmother severely, "and so should you. There is no excuse for such folly. Have you not enough to do as it is, with these three children, and you not four years married yet!"

"Oh, Mrs. Somerby, little Johnny can herd the coo like a man, and wee Betty there minds the cradle like a granny, and as for Tom" (catching up a fat infant of ten months), "he's ower big for the cradle now, bless him, greet lazy that he is; he'll be on his feet time enough, I've warrant him."

Peggy was looking so blithely at the situation that my grandmother was worsted, and was presently promising divers acceptable offerings at the hour of need. As we escaped Peggy's tearful thanks, and crossed the fields towards Fairholm, we came upon a favorite pensioner, Highland Nelly. This old woman maintained herself by gathering sheep's wool from the fences and hedges for miles around. To-day she had her apron full, and was wearing her usual smile of contented faith, a little brown, lean, weather-beaten woman, whose decent garments were all

manufactured by her own spinning-wheel, and who contrived, over and above, to send a pair of socks to her son's bairns, now and again, across the Border. She had a long tale to-day about her pig, which had mysteriously disappeared. Dark suspicions had fallen on Tom Brown, whose larder was known to have contained reinforcements of pork of late, and the old woman was in much distress at the collapse of her Christmas prospects. Nelly was a prime favorite at Fairholm, and was desired to make a visit to see the master, and consult him on the matter, as the moment was propitious, and a young litter in the fauld.

Oh! blessed time of small interests and simple joys, why so fleeting? Memory recalls it with a pang. Joys of the calm summer evenings, watching, in the low oak window-seat, the swallows skimming across the lawn; reading, perhaps, Home's old play, "Douglas," or the "Adventures of Sir Guy," or "Sir Bevis;" or walking, my hand locked in my grandfather's, up and down the terrace that ran round the dwelling, till darkness fell, and the twinkling waxlights within warned us of bedtime.

The bees had built in the roof that year and could not be dislodged. Their honey came dripping through the ceiling in my bedroom! What discomfiture! The swallows built under every gable, and there was a regular pitched battle between my grandmother and one-eyed Dinah on the one side, and a resolute pair of old swallows, my grandfather and myself, on the other. Build at the corner of the front door they would, and what Dinah's destroying broom ruthlessly knocked away one day, the birds built up again with incredible speed. At last the swallow was victorious, and sat, winking on her eggs at my grandmother, as she passed out and in, defeated on her own doorstep! Sad catastrophes occasionally occurred, when the birds, mistaking the great plate-glass windows for empty space, and seeing Paradise apparently beyond, would dash against them in such impetuous flight, that they were picked up lifeless. Blackbirds and thrushes were the chief victims. It is an odd fact that in a year or two they ceased to make the mistake, though how the younger generation was educated to caution is a mystery. A few stunned birds, who afterwards recovered, may possibly have acted as mentors. That summer came to an end too soon. As I hung about my grandfather's neck, the day we left Fair-

holm, "I wish I were not going to leave you," I cried.

There was something very like a tear in the old man's eye as he answered, —

"Why, you can't stay with me forever, you know, Lotty!"

"You will send for me again, grandpapa!" I pleaded.

"Will you come if I do, Lotty?" said he.

"To be sure I will," I replied. "Who shall hinder me?"

Vain, impetuous question, floating back to me after thirty years, along with the answer, so different from our loving expectations!

I stood, not long since, on the delicious old lawn at Fairholm, a woman rather weary of her tramp along life's dusty highway, and drank in the fragrant silence of that sacred enclosure, with its bird chirpings, and rustling of boughs, as the hunted hart drinks up the waterbrooks. As I looked round on the scene of so many childish joys, the old dreams came partly back. But the "childish things" have indeed passed away forever. My grandfather's grave is green in Aspenkirk churchyard, and no whisper comes thence to tell whence he came, or whither he went. Does his spirit haunt these bowers, so redolent of his presence to me, though a ruthless young hand has carved the features of the beloved old place into strangeness, and change has rubbed off the ineffable bloom from his work as he left it? As a dream when one awaketh, so have the old things vanished clean away, and under the porch where I stand, softly saying farewell, the nestling swallow beneath the eaves answers, "*Ich habe geliebt, und gelebet.*"

of that Anglo-Saxon influence which has thus far dominated all others, and has been gradually assimilating all foreign elements to itself. Up to thirty years ago the progress of unification was sure and steady. Since that time the flood of immigration, and the expansion of the settled territory of the Union, has made the work more difficult and the result less certain. Foreign influences have re-acted to some extent upon New England itself; but, on the other hand, the great Middle States and many of the Western have come to be so thoroughly in sympathy with New England ideas, that the prospect is perhaps as hopeful as ever.

The mother country (why do we always say the *mother country* while the Germans know only a *father land*?) has every reason to be interested in everything that pertains to New England. Forty years ago the people were of purer English blood than those of any county in England. They were all descended from the families who came here from 1620 to 1650. Since 1840 there has been a large Irish immigration, but up to the present time there has been very little intermarriage between them and the old English families. There has been an occasional mixture of Scotch or Huguenot blood in a few families, but not enough to exert any general influence. The population is thoroughly English, and speaks the English language with more purity than the common people of any part of England. Two hundred years, with a totally different environment from that of the old country, has somewhat modified or differentiated the New Englander; but it is questionable whether he does not bear more resemblance to our common ancestors than does the Englishman of to-day. The "Pilgrim Fathers," whose portraits are carefully preserved, certainly had more of the Yankee than the John Bull in their faces. As to mental development, the English Bible and the English classics are our common inheritance, and the later English literature has been as widely read here as there.

Village life in New England is a study of special interest, because it is a type of village life wherever New England ideas are dominant, because it is the real life of the people of New England, and because it practically illustrates the social progress of the country. I was born in a New England village, and have just returned to it after having spent half my life in Europe. Fifty years ago it was a very small village, built on two streets, which

From The Contemporary Review.
VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

E PLURIBUS UNUM is the motto of the United States, and it describes the country more accurately than those who adopted it could have anticipated. It is not only one State made up of many, but it is one nation made up of many races. No such mingling of various races has ever taken place before in the history of the world. It is also one country in which may be found all climates and all stages of civilization. There is one government, with all forms of social life and an almost infinite variety of laws and customs. New England has always been the centre

crossed at right angles, and gave the name of *The Four Corners* to the village; but the township was large, and had five thousand inhabitants, who were generally engaged in farming, although there were five or six small factories and furnaces in different parts of the township, and many of the farmers devoted a portion of their time to making nails at small forges at their own houses. The township was divided into parishes, each with its church, parsonage, and glebe, of the Congregational order, as this was the old Established Church of Massachusetts; but the Baptists had invaded the territory and had a strong church, the only one in the village, as the parish church was two miles away. It was also divided into some twenty school districts, each one of which had its schoolhouse, a small one-story wooden building, often in the midst of the woods, in which there was always a school in winter with a male teacher, and generally for three months in summer with a female teacher. In the village was an "academy," which fitted students for college, and also gave a higher education to girls. All the schools were for both sexes. The common schools were free to all, and the districts compelled by law to maintain them by general taxation. The instruction was sometimes good and sometimes inferior, but the teachers had to pass an examination by a town committee before they could teach, and incompetent ones who passed this ordeal were not unfrequently turned out of doors by their scholars. The teachers were generally young men from the colleges, who taught a few months in the year to earn money for their own education, and many of the district-school teachers have since become the most distinguished men in America. They generally "boarded round," each family in the district entertaining them in turn. Their influence was often very great: they came from the outside world: they introduced a new element of life into the farmers' families, and generally exerted an inspiring influence over their scholars. Not a few young men found the best of wives in these back-country schoolhouses. The practical disadvantage of a frequent change of teachers was very much less than might have been anticipated; and, on the whole, I believe that those old schools were quite equal to the more pretentious and costly ones of the present day. They had one supreme advantage. They did not educate children into a distaste for work; nor teach every farmer's

son to desert his home as soon as he was his own master. They made scholars of the cleverer boys, and inspired them to push on to the college and the university. They gave a practical education to all. They developed individuality and independence of character. I remember the years that I spent in such a school with unmixed pleasure.

The church and the schoolhouse were the cornerstones of New England society. Next to these was the "town-house." This was a venerable and ugly wooden building, painted yellow, and full of narrow, high, straight-backed benches. Here the "town meetings" were held, and they were the delight of my boyhood. This was the school of government and political science. Town government in America is purely democratic, and is the unit in our system, the State government being carried on by representatives from the towns, and the central government by representatives from the States. All the citizens meet annually in the town-house to discuss the interests of the town, to decide upon the taxes and the expenditures of the year, and to elect officers. Here is absolute equality, and in those old days I heard debates on political economy and questions of government which have influenced my life. Long-winded speeches were not tolerated, but there was a continual fire of ideas, facts, and fun. The language was generally rough and uncouth — the jokes were broad and homely, but they came from men who knew what they wanted, and understood what they were talking about. Outside there was always a sort of fair, with booths for the sale of food and drinks. Nothing rivalled the town meetings in my eyes, except the annual "must-ter," when the militia of the county went into camp every autumn for a few days of exercise. This was a holiday for the whole country round, and combined the pomp of war with the gaieties of a fair. Gunpowder and brilliant uniforms always turn the heads of country people, and officers on horseback are always heroes — to boys at least. The militia was popular at that time, and kept up by law. The people were proud of it, and believed it to be invincible; but it is a curious fact, that since we have had our experience of real war, the militia has fallen into discredit, and there are now hardly troops enough in all Massachusetts to quell a serious riot.

The only other public places in the village were the taverns and "stores."

These country stores sold everything—they were curiosity shops, combining all branches of business in one small room, and in the evening they were common places of resort, where men met to discuss the politics of the day, and to drink. Drinking was universal, and I have examined old account-books which show that even the Congregational ministers could not have a meeting without consuming rum by the gallon. Nothing could be done without rum, and of course drunkenness was the most prevalent vice, and liquor-selling the most profitable business. In those days newspapers were few, and the mania for travelling, which has seized upon the present age, was unknown. Then men were born, grew old, and died, without going beyond their native village. Mail-coaches, with four and sometimes six horses, passed through the village every day, but postage was very high, and letters were almost as few as the newspapers. But the few weekly papers which were taken were edited with ability, and were carefully read and fully discussed through the long winter evenings around the stove of the store. As the glass went round those discussions often became very violent, and sometimes ended in blows. I very well remember one of the sages who presided over these nightly meetings—a lean, lank, lantern-jawed old man, with long hair and shabby clothes, who sat with his elbows on his knees and chewed tobacco, but who was a man of considerable wealth, with a very clear head and a wonderful knowledge of human nature. This was the strong point of the village politicians of those days, who read few books or papers, but who studied men and knew how to influence them.

There was, of course, a social life in the village quite apart from these unique *symposia*. There were evening parties, dances and tea-drinkings, to say nothing of corn-husking and quilting bees, singing-schools and spelling-matches, where the young people "did their courting." In some of these there was no little form and ceremony, very much after the old English fashions. Others were more free, and ended in fun and frolic. But there was always a certain Puritan reserve in the relations of the sexes, and bashfulness was characteristic of both. Every New England boy grew up with a profound respect for woman; and sexual immorality was very rare. In fact, at that time crime was almost unknown in the village, and no one thought of locking his door at

night—a singular fact, considering the amount of drunkenness.

The style of living in the village was very simple. The houses were all of wood, and in general they were rather scantily furnished, although in many houses the furniture was of solid mahogany, and handed down from one generation to another. The best rooms were seldom used or even opened. There were no stoves or grates—nothing but open wood fires; and the churches were never warmed, even in mid-winter. The spinning-wheel and loom were still in use, and the people ate but little beyond what they raised upon their own farms. There was no market in the village, but there was a butcher who occasionally sold meat from his cart through the town. The people were temperate in eating, if not in drinking. In the midst of this simplicity of life there was no little culture and refinement. There were gentlemen and ladies in some of these farmhouses who would have done honor to any society in the world; who knew how to cultivate the fields or to make butter and cheese, but who could read Greek and Latin, and sometimes Hebrew; were familiar with English literature, with theology and politics, as well as with the arts and accomplishments of refined society. And they did not feel lost or lonely in their country homes, as they might now in this age of universal locomotion.

The village to-day is as characteristic a New England village as it was fifty years ago, but it belongs now to the modern New England, and not to the olden time, which I have dwelt upon for the purpose of illustrating more fully the social changes which have taken place. It is now a railway centre. In place of the few scattered houses on two streets, there is a population of more than three thousand, with shops, markets, and almost all the conveniences of a city. It is lighted with gas, the streets are watered, and, although the houses are still all of wood, there are some buildings of no little architectural merit. Many of the streets are ornamented with beautiful trees, and most of the houses have trees and gardens about them. There is no regular place of amusement, but the large and beautiful town-hall is almost constantly in use for this purpose, and there are also various clubs and societies. All summer there is a weekly promenade concert in one of the streets, and during the winter in the town-hall. There is everywhere an appearance of great material prosperity, and,

so far as I can learn, there is not a family in the village poor enough to need charitable aid. Even the Irish families are not poor. But there is much that is peculiar and worthy of consideration in this material growth. It is remarkable that the population of the whole township has increased during this period only about twenty-five per cent., and that while land in the village has risen in value one thousand per cent., in other parts of the town it is worth no more, and in many cases much less, than it was fifty years ago. A farm of two hundred acres, two miles from the village, may now be purchased for much less than the cost of the buildings upon it. The amount of forest land has increased at least twenty-five per cent., and many houses have been moved bodily from the farms into the village. At the same time that the farmers have been moving from their farms into the village, all of the old manufactories have died a natural death. The cotton factories were too small to compete with those at Lowell and Fall River. The furnaces could not compete with those in England and Pennsylvania. Wrought nails were superseded by those made by machinery, and competition destroyed the manufacture of agricultural implements. The valuable water-power in the town now works but a single mill, and that is a new one for woollen goods. Steam factories have been erected in the village for shoes, hats, needles, and boxes, but the value of the goods manufactured is not greater than it was fifty years ago. Once outside the village, the ruined mills and deserted farms speak rather of decay than of prosperity. In many parts of New England the Irish have come in and occupied the old farms, but here the rocky soil seems to be unattractive even to them. The farmers who are left are now beginning to devote themselves to the production of fruit, vegetables, and other things, which find a ready market in the neighboring cities, while they buy their corn from the West. In this way they can live with comfort, although they would probably all be glad to sell their farms and move into the village.

The people of the village seem to be industrious, for there are no idle men seen in the streets, and it is difficult to find an extra laborer when one is needed. Every one seems to live in comparative luxury, although there is not a man in the town worth £20,000 sterling, and very few worth £5,000. A very large number of families keep a horse and carriage, and

there are four flourishing stables which let horses by the hour. Every one is well-dressed, and I think there are few houses where meat is not eaten twice a day—few where the floors are not carpeted and the rooms well furnished with expensive furniture. A good average house rents for £40 sterling a year, but most of them are owned by their occupants. The taxes amount to one and one-quarter per cent. on the assessed value of real and personal property, but a skilled laborer worth a thousand pounds can pay his annual tax by sixteen to eighteen days' labor. The only sufferers from the taxation are those who own unproductive real estate, and are not laborers. These are very few. There is a savings bank in the town, which has been established only a few years, but its deposits amount to £65,000 sterling, and large amounts are known to be deposited in out-of-town banks. The town has no debt of any consequence. So far as its material prosperity is concerned, European socialists could hardly dream of a higher ideal. No rich, no poor,* no tyrannical landlords or manufacturers, and no oppressed laborers; but all enjoying everything that is essential to human development. All this exists, however, without the overthrow of either the Church or the State; and infidel beer-drinking German reformers might be surprised to learn that this happy state of society is due largely to the moral and religious character of the people. There is not a liquor-shop or beer-garden in the town, and hardly a man who ever takes anything stronger than tea or coffee. This is the most astonishing change which has taken place in the town in these fifty years. It is the result of a combination of moral influences and legal enactments. Neither would have accomplished much without the other, but for many years the laws were of a mild type, and the law of the State now is a local-option law. The change has been brought about chiefly by moral means, and at the outset required great personal sacrifices on the part of many leading

* There are persons in the township who receive aid from the town; nineteen superannuated or incompetent persons are very comfortably supported in the almshouse; thirty men and twenty-nine women received aid last year at their homes on account of illness or calamity of some kind. The whole amount expended by the town (population 5,500) for the support of the almshouse and aid to individuals was about one thousand pounds. Very few of the fifty-nine persons aided were entitled to it, and it would undoubtedly have been better for them and for the community if they had been left to the care of their neighbors and friends. In England not one of them would have applied for aid.

men. The result has fully repaid them. I do not find that men save all or even a greater part of the money formerly spent on drink. They spend it, however, for the comfort of their families, and for luxuries which elevate rather than degrade them. The gain in the increased happiness in family life is incalculable. The general moral character of the people is very good — better on the whole than it was fifty years ago, although some persons are of the opinion that men do not realize their obligation to pay their debts as fully as they did before the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Whatever may be the cause, it must be confessed that public sentiment is not what it ought to be on this subject in town or country, in New England or Old England. One result of the change in the law is that in most of the shops in the village no credit is given, which is an advantage to the buyer as well as the seller. Crime is not more common than it was fifty years ago, and is confined almost exclusively to the foreign population; but before the passage of a severe law last year against tramps, the country was overrun with them, and the people learned to use locks upon their doors. The law was effectual, and tramps have disappeared from the State.

Religion is the basis of morality, and there has certainly been a steady growth in the religious character of the population of the town. There are now four churches in the village, and six others in what formerly constituted the township. Fifty per cent. of the village population are to be found in the churches every Sabbath, and religious meetings are well attended two or three evenings in the week. The preaching is less doctrinal and more practical, and sectarian distinctions have much less influence. There is a frequent interchange of pulpits by clergymen of different denominations, and union meetings are very common. There is a kindly feeling even towards the Roman Catholics. The only modern form of unbelief which seems to have gained any place in the town is Spiritualism. A few years ago this threatened to make serious inroads upon the Churches, and regular services are still maintained by believers, but it seems to have spent its force, and is now rapidly losing ground. There are atheists, Agnostics, Positivists, and other unbelievers, in the town, as there were fifty years ago; but they are not numerous, and have little influence. The Sabbath is not generally observed

with as much strictness as it was, but it is still a day of rest and religious worship. The spirit of the Puritans is still dominant.

In education it is generally believed by the people that they are far in advance of their fathers. There have certainly been great changes in many respects. There are five hundred daily papers taken in the town. A weekly and a monthly are published there, and every family takes at least one weekly paper. There is a town library of three thousand volumes, very well selected, and the number of volumes taken out during the last year was 20,804. This library, curiously enough, is supported by a tax on dogs, which produces a hundred pounds a year. Music and art are cultivated in the town, which boasts of several very fair painters and musicians. Public lectures are common, and there are several literary societies. In the olden times it was a very rare thing for any one to leave the town except on business, but now there is almost a mania for travel. Almost half the families in the village go to some watering-place in the summer, and a number have cottages on one of the islands off the coast, where is to be seen a new variety of American social life, which is worthy of a study by itself. The home life of New Englander is ordinarily as private and exclusive as that of an Englishman, but here everything is reversed. Every door is open, and life is made as public as possible. For amusements they have an endless round — religious meetings, conventions, lectures, and concerts, with sea-bathing and fishing. Some ten thousand person congregate at this unique watering-place every summer. Martha's Vineyard, as the island is called, is far better worth a visit than aristocratic Newport. I know of no place like it in the world. This summer life, and the more extended travel, which is very common, is no doubt a species of education which was unknown fifty years ago, and has a certain value along with some disadvantages.

But the great pride of the village is its public schools, on which the town expends a thousand pounds a year, in addition to another thousand on the seventeen schools in other parts of the township. The village schools are six, with eleven teachers and about five hundred scholars. They are called the primary, higher primary, lower intermediate, intermediate, grammar, and high schools. Two of the teachers are men, with salaries of £17 and £24 a month. The others are

women, with salaries of from £6 to £10 a month. There are sixty scholars in the high school, which has a four years' course, and in which instruction is given in Greek, Latin, French, mathematics as far as surveying, physiology, natural history, physical geography, English literature, history, geology, chemistry, physics, botany, and civil government. All the schools are free, and scholars living at a distance are brought to school at the expense of the town. They usually enter the high school at the age of fourteen. The buildings for the village schools are commodious, but less expensive than those in many other towns. The material arrangements are good, and the discipline is strict; but it may be questioned whether there is much real improvement over the old district schools of fifty years ago. There is more display and more expense, but well-known American writer has lately condemned the public schools of this State as utterly impracticable and unscientific, as a cross between a cotton factory and a model prison. This is an extreme view, but it is true that they are unpractical, superficial, and, to some extent at least, adapted to discourage the taste for honest labor, and to develop self-conceit rather than solid learning. There are many who question very seriously the propriety of giving a high-school education at the expense of the State, who fear that we are raising up a class of demagogues too proud to work, too ignorant to earn their living in the learned professions, and accustomed to look to the State for aid, who will make the most dangerous and unscrupulous of politicians. The State should furnish to all a plain, practical education, scientifically adapted to make better farmers, mechanics, and merchants, and leave all higher education to be paid for by those who can appreciate it. The history of America, especially of our public men, shows that poverty is no hindrance to genius, that free secondary education is not necessary to stimulate those who are qualified to appreciate it. Such views are not popular now, because there is a vague belief among the people that free education is a natural right, and universal education a panacea for all the evils in the land. Common sense will no doubt prevail in the end, but blind sentiment rules at present, even in New England. We are not yet prepared to offer our free-school system to England as a model for her to follow. We have still too much to learn ourselves.

The superficial nature of our education is seen in many things, which prove that even New England villages have not yet attained any utopian perfection. They are much nearer perfection than our cities, however. There is no fraud or corruption in the administration, but there is a great deal of extravagance and stupidity in many cases. Within twenty years the taxes have been doubled without any corresponding advantages, and in some towns tripled. In the town of which I am writing £1,700 was expended on roads, and this is about the usual annual expenditure; but there is not a properly-built road in the town. On this subject the authorities have only two ideas — the roads must be broad and straight; there is also a general impression that there cannot be too many roads. After leaving the village, the town is a labyrinth of roads, cut in all directions through the wild woods, wide enough for a city, but often not used once a day. But there is not a rod of paved or macadamized road in the township. The bridges are as unsatisfactory as the roads.

Another illustration of a different kind will show another phase of the results of our educational system. I think it is an acknowledged fact that our judges, lawyers, and physicians, if not our clergy as a whole, are not so thoroughly educated as they were a generation ago. In this village, for example, out of six doctors of medicine only one has had even a nominally complete education. I think the same thing is true of the majority of the lawyers. The people are not educated up to the point of appreciating the value of thorough education. There is no country in the civilized world where ignorant quacks and deliberate swindlers obtain the patronage from respectable people that they do in America. According to the theory, the legislators and public men of the country ought to have steadily improved in quality as the number of educated men brought forward by the free-school system increased; but it is a generally acknowledged fact that our legislative assemblies and politicians have rather deteriorated. There seems to be something wrong in the system, which not only brings forward inferior men, but also teaches the people to be satisfied with such men. There are, of course, thoroughly educated men, and great men, in high official positions. The president-elect, Mr. Garfield, is not only a statesman, but a scholar; but who are the men who are to represent New England in the

next Congress? How do they compare with the great men of past generations? They are generally honest and respectable men, for which we are duly thankful; but very few of them have ever been thought of as men of superior ability, and the culture of Boston is represented by a German Jew who deals in ready-made clothing. This is no doubt an honorable calling, and there are worse and weaker men in Congress than he; but it is not the old style of New England statesmen.

This is a digression. To return to our New England village. While it is by no means perfect, it certainly comes nearer to an ideal village than anything I have seen in Europe. There is absolute civil and religious liberty. Even public opinion is not tyrannical there. Individual rights are respected, without any infringement upon the dignity and supremacy of the law. The people are moral and religious, without being uncharitable or fanatical. There are no social castes, not even such as a late writer in the *Times* declares must exist in all communities. The people are contented and happy. They are intelligent, acquainted with what goes on in the world, believe in progress, and contribute freely not only to support their own institutions, but for the enlightenment of the world. It is not strange that they believe in the form of government which secures all this to them, nor that they honor their English ancestors, whose wisdom and piety were the foundation of New England society.

A NON-RESIDENT AMERICAN.

From Chambers' Journal.
MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEST INDIAN STORM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE next few days passed over pleasantly enough. We lounged and read and played lawn-tennis in the evenings. We returned the visits of our neighbors, and lunched or dined with them, as the case might be. In all, four or five families were dotted about the hills within visiting distance, and visiting is the business of life in the Jamaican hills. Not by any means the formal visits which bore us at home—quite the contrary. Almost every lady in the hills has her “day,” when all her neighbors assemble, and the officers come up from the camp, and down from

New-Castle. Tea and iced claret-cup are liberally provided; and the elders lounge and chat, and the young folks flirt and play tennis, and occasionally get up an impromptu dance.

But in addition to this, Jamaican hill ladies are almost always really at home; and the intimacy between them, on account of their isolation, is much more familiar than is usual in England. So if Mrs. A. feels bored, she slips on a riding-skirt, and goes over to lunch and spend the afternoon with Mrs. B., leaving word for her husband to call for her when he comes up from the plains. And Mrs. B. in her turn does the same. Then a house in the Jamaican hills is seldom or never without one or more guests. Every house has spare rooms; and the mode of living is so simple, that the addition of one or two to the family circle reckons but little in point of cost. Expensive luxuries are unobtainable, and the ordinary articles of consumption are fairly cheap. Beef is sixpence, mutton one shilling, per pound, all the year round; while vegetables, fruit, etc., which, as I mentioned before, are brought to the door for sale by the country people, are very cheap. Besides, official salaries in Jamaica are not large, so that any attempt at extravagance or display would be looked on with little favor in the hills. Nothing pleases a lowland young lady so much as an invitation to spend some time in the hills. Life there has a picnic flavor about it, which is a delicious relief to the dust and glare and monotony of the plains, so that invitations are freely given and gladly accepted.

Strenuous attempts are made, and in most cases successfully, to prevent the intrusion of the demon *ennui*. Every man-of-war which touches at Port-Royal has invitations freely accorded to its officers; then a dance is arranged, and young ladies come riding over the hills for miles to enjoy it. The soldiers flock down from New-Castle. Everybody has one or more guests billeted on him, and dancing is kept up with a spirit unknown at home; so that life in the Jamaican hills rubs on not uncomfortably on the whole. One day was spent in an expedition to Flamstead, the governor's hill residence. It being a two hours' ride, first down hill to Gordontown, and then up the other side of the valley, we started at eleven A.M., the major, Mrs. Edgeware, and myself, and reached Flamstead about one P.M. The house is a small, unpretending place, but commands magnificent views of the

bay. We were hospitably welcomed by Sir Anthony Musgrave the governor, and Lady Musgrave; and after luncheon, strolled over to Little Flamstead, the hill residence of the commodore of the station, which is close by.

A very pretty little place is Flamstead the Lesser, with its flower garden surrounded by a fence all straggling over with jessamine on one side, and its neat kitchen garden on the other. In the former, the commodore pointed out to us an English holly, the only one in the island. In front of the cottage is a heliograph, with which the commodore can communicate by flashing signals with Port-Royal and the ships in the harbor. Everything inside and outside the cottage was trim and orderly and shipshape, with the trimness and order which sailors' hands only can produce. Meantime, as we stood admiring the view, heavy clouds from the north-east came pouring up over the Guava Ridge. In less than ten minutes they had swept up and completely covered the hill on which we were standing. The splendid scenery faded away like a mirage, and a dense, cold mist surrounded us.

"We had best be off," said the major; "we are going to catch it on the way home."

A low muttering of thunder was making itself heard as we put on our waterproofs and rode out of the gate.

"The seasons [meaning the rainy seasons, which occur in May and October] are coming, I am sure," said Mrs. Edgeware. "And we shall be all mewed up in the damp for a week, with nothing to do but to stow our clothes."

"Here it comes!" said Charley.

Nearly a hundred yards in front, we could see the rain as it came rushing on us, and hear the huge drops, big as half-crowns, patterning on the leaves and branches. Such rain I never saw. In an instant our ponies were as wet as if they had been dragged through a river. Waterproofs, umbrellas, nothing could resist it. It insinuated itself through my umbrella, and came trickling over the peak of my white helmet. It saturated my waterproof, and came pouring over my knees down into my boots. Another moment and the seat of my saddle was as wet as a sponge. Mrs. Edgeware's pretty hat and feather were now a mass of dripping pulp. The rain swept away the surface of the road till it resembled the bed of a mountain torrent. On we bumped in silent misery, the cat-like ponies mak-

ing play over every level yard of ground, and the thunder rumbling and roaring nearer and nearer every minute. At Gordontown, the slender stream we had crossed in the morning was now a raging yellow flood.

"Another twenty minutes will do it," said the major, cantering over the bridge; "and then for a B. and S. and a tub. By Jove!" The exclamation was caused by a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a most appalling clap of thunder. Flash and report were absolutely simultaneous. Across the hideous, steely glare I saw the forked lightning flickering like a silver ribbon. As for the thunder, it was simply one dull crash, as if a hammer had struck the mountain; and then all was still save the fierce rushing of the rain. I confess I was startled; but as my companions did not seem to mind it much, I said nothing. A quarter of an hour later, we got home in a forlorn state.

All that day (Thursday), Friday, and Saturday it poured without a moment's intermission. Saturday night was signalized by a thunder-storm which threw into the shade everything of the kind I had previously experienced. From about ten P.M., when we went to bed, the thunder and lightning never ceased for a moment. About twelve at night I had to get up to close the windows, as the rain was beating in through the venetians; and I confess I didn't like it. The windows of my room looked over the Dutch garden; and in the blinding glare of the successive waves of green, blue, and silver flame that swept across it, every leaf on the bushes, every pebble on the walks, was plainly visible. Through the whole of that awful night of Saturday, October 11, 1879 — a night that will long be remembered in Jamaica — over all the hideous din of the thunder could be heard the rain, falling ceaselessly, like a shower of bullets, on the shingled roof.

I was roused from a troubled sleep next morning by Charley's coming into my room about six A.M. The major's thick boots were covered with mud. "This is a bad business," said he.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Come out and see," replied he, "as soon as you get on your clothes."

In a few minutes I joined him on the lawn, where I found him talking to a gray-bearded man, the road superintendent of the district. Here the damage done was plain enough. I have mentioned that a border of high lemon-grass ran all round the tennis-ground. From

this border the bank ran sharply down to the road which wound beneath. For about twenty yards the whole face of the bank had slipped down. Part rested in confused heaps on the road beneath; and in one place the road itself had given way under the weight, and a yawning chasm, nearly five yards across, gaped in its place. On the other side, another landslip had swept away the road to the church, leaving only a narrow ledge about eighteen inches wide, so that access to Craigtoun was cut off on both sides.

"I have known the country for forty years," said Mr. E——, the superintendent, "and I never saw anything like this. It looks as if a waterspout had passed over the district. Every bridge on the Hope River is swept away. New-Castle is cut off; so we have been obliged to get the major's leave for the mules with the supplies to pass through here." He pointed out to me, as he spoke, a number of natives who were billing out a path through the brushwood on the far side of the landslip, while a train of laden mules, with supplies for New-Castle, waited patiently behind.

"We're not done with it yet," said Charley, pointing to the heavy masses of cloud that were sweeping up from the west over the Guava Ridge Mountain. "However, we will go in and get breakfast. I must make my way down to Gordontown," he added to me; "so, if you don't mind a ducking, you might come with me."

As we were turning towards the house, we heard the rattle of hoofs, and saw an officer in high boots and white helmet cantering down the church road. The white helmet appeared and disappeared as the rider cantered down the winding road.

"I wonder, does he know the road is gone?" said Mr. E——.

He did not, apparently, for he turned the last corner at a sharp canter; and there, ten yards before him, yawned the gulf where the road had been. The pony was pulled sharply up, and the young officer rode slowly forward. I have said that where the road was swept away, a narrow ledge about three yards long, and certainly not more than a couple of feet wide, had been left, which ran across the face of the landslip. Below this ledge, the ground, covered with the débris of the slip, fell away in an almost sheer descent to the bed of the torrent, at least three hundred feet below. Without hesitating a second, the officer kicked his feet out

of the stirrups, and rode across, his pony stepping slowly and gingerly, with his nose close to the ground. From our point of view, unable as we were from the distance to see the ledge, the effect was most singular; he seemed to be riding in mid-air across the white face of the cliff. It appeared to be, and I have no doubt was, a horribly dangerous feat.

"It's Martin of the —," said the major. "He is acting-commissary for New-Castle;" and presently Mr. Martin rode in.

"There's the deuce and all to pay, major," said Mr. Martin, throwing the reins on the neck of his reeking pony. Slightly made, and under the middle size, was Mr. Martin, with clear-cut features and resolute blue eyes. Soaked and bedraggled as he was, he looked a soldier every inch. "The deuce and all to pay," he repeated, jumping off his pony and unclasping his heavy cloak. "All our supplies are cut off. I have been out since four A.M. Tried to reach the gardens by the military road; but every bridge is gone, and in places the whole road. I sent a messenger across the hills to tell them to send up some mules this way, and I see your road is gone too. I must get down to Gordontown. Those lazy blacks will do nothing, and we'll have the men living on preserved salmon and sardines."

"I'm going after breakfast," replied the major; "so come in and have something to eat, and we'll start together. Would you like to come?" he added to me. "You'll get frightfully drenched, mind."

I agreed to go; and we went in to breakfast.

The most extraordinary reports were coming in, Mrs. Edgeware told us. The entire village of Gordontown was said to have been swept away; and there was a ghastly rumor that at a place called Dry River, upwards of twenty native women and children had been drowned when attempting to cross, by the sudden rise of the river. The black butler confirmed these melancholy tidings. "Hall wash away," he observed with a gloomy shake of the head.

We were soon in the saddle, making our way down the new path the natives had billied out for the commissariat mules. The rain had begun to fall heavily again, and the going was awful, the ponies sinking above their fetlocks in the soaking, slippery clay. Charley had provided me with a huge pair of overalls, reaching to mid-thigh; and with those and my water-

proof, I entertained hopes, alas! vain hopes, of remaining dry. Our way lay down the road up which I had ridden on the day of my arrival; but it was scarcely recognizable. The entire surface had been swept away. Long stretches, strewn with boulders of all shapes and sizes, alternated with regions of slippery, viscous mud; the whole scored with ragged channels, through which torrents of yellow, muddy water were pouring. In one place, a torrent from the hills, catching the road on the inner side of a bend, had scooped it out like a cheese, scarcely leaving room to pass. The great pit, some twenty feet long by fifteen deep, shewed the force of the water. Everywhere appeared traces of the awful damage done by the flood, from the huge landslip which had carried away half the side of a mountain, to the tiny one that had merely wrecked some poor black fellow's provision garden.

As we got lower down, we could hear the roar of the two rivers—the Hope River, which rises near New-Castle; and the Flamstead River, which rises in the Port-Royal mountains, and which unite their waters about a mile higher up, as they thundered along the valley and past the pretty village of Gordontown. At last, a turn in the road gave us a view of the huge yellow flood, nearly a hundred yards wide, and sweeping down with a fury it is impossible to describe. Of the pretty wooden bridge we had crossed on the previous Thursday, when visiting Flamstead, not a trace was left, except a break in the surface of the water, marking the position of a submerged pier. A few minutes more, and we reached the foot of the hill. Such a scene of ruin and desolation as then presented itself to us, I never saw before! The main road to Kingston here runs for more than a mile along the bottom of the valley, having steep hills on one side, and the river on the other. About a hundred yards from the police barrack, an immense landslip had taken place, covering the road to a depth of thirty or forty feet. Scrambling over this—we had left our ponies at the barrack—we came presently to an enormous chasm, big enough to hold a coach-and-four, through which a furious torrent was pouring. A small watercourse, which ran down the hillside at this point, had become so swollen in a few hours by the deluges of rain, that it had burst right through the road into the river beyond, causing the ruin we saw.

Crossing by a couple of planks, we went

on to the place where the river is dammed for the Kingston water-supply. Here the road, following the course of the river, bends sharply to the left under the overhanging hills. The dam, crossing the river, strikes perpendicularly the centre of the curve. It was here the worst damage was done. The outworks of the dam had been broken down, and lay about in confused and shattered masses; while at the further end of the curve, the road, for a distance of fifty yards, had been completely destroyed, and the angry flood was washing the base of the hill.

Here we met General —, the director of roads, who confirmed all the worst rumors we had heard. The disaster at Dry River, he told us, had not been exaggerated. A number of the country people—upwards of thirty, he said—men, women, and children, had reached the river on their way home from market. The river was then running in a wide and rapid but not very deep stream. An island lay in the centre. As the river was evidently rising rapidly, the unfortunate people determined to attempt to cross before the further rise of the water should render it impossible. With considerable delay and difficulty they reached the island in the centre in safety, with their mules and donkeys. Once there, they found, to their dismay, that further progress was impossible. Between the island and the far side of the river, the swollen waters were rushing down in a volume and with a fury which nothing could resist. Worst of all, their retreat was cut off. The stream they had crossed had risen behind them; and there the unhappy people were, cooped up between two raging torrents, on an island the area of which was rapidly diminishing under the action of the water. The scene was appalling. Darkness was coming on; the rain falling in torrents. Wild shrieks for help, agonized prayers to heaven, went up from the helpless crowd of blacks, huddled together on that tiny speck of land in the midst of the waters. Some few attempted to escape by swimming, but were swept away like straws and drowned. Higher and higher rose the waters, blacker and blacker the darkness that hid from the horrified spectators on the banks the ghastly scenes on the island. Yet the piercing screams of women, the hoarser cries of men, were still heard at intervals, as group after group of the helpless people were swept away. At last, about half past eight P.M., one appalling cry went up out of the darkness; and then, save the rush and roar of

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the angry waters, all was still. Not one had survived. This had taken place on the previous Saturday; and all through Sunday, the swollen and distorted bodies of the dead were being washed up, some miles below the place where the disaster had happened.

Immense loss of life and property also took place along the Yallahs Valley, which runs down to the sea east of the Flamstead Hills. Unlike most valleys in Jamaica, which narrow down to mere gullies, the Yallahs Valley, through nearly all its extent, widens out into a succession of more or less rugged plains, through which the Yallahs River makes its way to the sea. Years ago, probably after heavy rains, the river changed its channel, forming a completely new one. On the ground left dry by the river, numbers of natives had built cottages. About half-way down, a neat meeting-house had been built, with a graveyard hard by, and the whole place was as flourishing a settlement as any on the island.

On that dreadful Saturday, the river began to rise about five P.M. Many of the women and some of the men were away at market. In some cottages only the children were left. The river, draining as it does an immense tract of country, rose with frightful rapidity. The poor people, returning from work or market, found themselves confronted by a raging flood where they had crossed dry-shod in the morning. Filling the entire width of the valley, the swollen waters rushed on to the sea, bearing with them trees, cattle, horses, sheep, chests of drawers, and other articles of furniture. There was no room for doubt. The river had swept the valley clean. Even the very soil of the graveyard had been torn up, and the coffins, with their occupants, washed out by the water.

"Not to speak of the loss of life," said the general in conclusion, "I don't believe a hundred and twenty thousand pounds will cover the damage that has been done."

Making our way back to the police barrack, we got our ponies and rode a short distance up the road towards the New-Castle military road. Here it was the same story of ruin and devastation. The post-office, the posting-stables, everything had been carried away by the furious torrent that rushed by, and in some places over, the road, even though it had fallen considerably within the last few hours.

At the picket-house, where a small de-

tachment from New Castle is always stationed, we found Martin sitting on his pony among a crowd of blacks, and in a towering rage. A lazy-looking half-caste, one of the army contractors, was explaining to him how utterly impossible it was to forward the meat supplies to New-Castle. He had offered a dollar — two dollars; but the men would not go, the roads were so bad. He could do no more.

"All right," broke in Martin sharply; "then I must try. Simpson!" (this to a smart corporal who stood by at "attention") "I want twenty men. A pound each a day. We will charge it to Mr. —, who has contracted to forward supplies, rain or no rain."

The corporal saluted, produced a pocket-book, and in less than five minutes had twenty names down, to the dismay of the contractor.

"Start them at once, Simpson," said Martin. "There is a path biled through Craigtoun, which Major Edgeware allows us to use. Rather a sell for our commissariat friend," he observed to us as we rode away. "He could have got those fellows easily for ten shillings a head, but was too lazy to try. Now he will have to pay a pound."

There being nothing more to see in this direction we turned homeward; and after the usual amount of stumbling and slipping and sliding, found ourselves at Craigtoun about one P.M., very wet, but with an awful appetite for lunch.

CHAPTER V.

A GLORIOUS PANORAMA.

THE rains were now nearly over. Generally, about noon, heavy showers would fall; but the mornings and evenings were fine and deliciously cool. Our communications with the outward world were restored. Road-making in Jamaica is a simple affair. The roads being generally scarped out of the side of a hill, whenever one is carried away by rain or a landslip, it is simply a matter of cutting deeper into the hill. The surface is left to make itself; consequently, it is as soft as a bog or as hard as nails, according as the weather is wet or dry.

For days after the cessation of the rains, evil tidings were coming in. It was not merely that numbers of the poor people had their provision-grounds devastated and their cottages wrecked by the waters, all this admitted of remedy; but in nearly every instance where a cottage

was swept away, the owner's savings for years — consisting generally of notes stored up in a bottle or tin box, and hidden in the thatch — were swept away also. Unfortunately, the people had some reason for adopting this foolish practice. Formerly, the only banks in the island were private savings-banks, and to these large sums of money had been intrusted. Shortly before Sir William Grey became governor, numbers of these banks, at Falmouth, Montego Bay, and other places, failed under the most discreditable circumstances, spreading disaster far and wide. Sir William, during his term of office, established saving-banks guaranteed by government. The measure was a wise and prudent one; but the confidence of the people had been rudely shaken; hence the habit of hoarding up had grown. In some cases, individuals had lost in this way sums varying from twenty to forty pounds.

My visit was now rapidly drawing to a close. I was to leave on the 25th; and on my last day we set out, all three, on our final expedition to Catherine's Peak and the Fern-walks. Starting about twelve, we lunched at New-Castle, and then rode on to the Fern-walks. About twenty minutes' ride above New-Castle, we came to a place called the Woodcutter's Gap, from which point the first view of the interior, north of the New-Castle ridge, is obtained. Here the road divides into two branches, both skirting, at different levels, the northern slope of Catherine's Peak, and forming the Upper and Lower Fern-walks. The lower of these roads, after skirting the peak, turns northward, and is indeed the recognized route between New-Castle and the northern parts of the island. The upper road, running completely round the peak, returns to the Woodcutter's Gap. Choosing the latter, we rode along it for a short distance; and then, giving our ponies to a black groom we had brought on from New-Castle, a roughish scramble of fifteen minutes brought us to the top of the peak. At first we seemed destined to a disappointment, as a heavy mist was rolling up from the north, hiding the whole country. Here and there the mist would break, showing for a few seconds above its fleecy surface some peak clothed with brushwood to its summit; then hiding it again with gauzy folds of vapor. However, we determined, as we had time to spare, to wait a while and take our chance. And we had our reward. Scarcely ten minutes had passed, when we

could see the tall heads of the tree-ferns in the Fern-walk below us bowing gently, as a light breeze from the north-west came stealing up, scattering the mist before it. Vague forms — blurred outlines of ridge and pinnacle — grew upon our sight as wave after wave of the vapory curtain that had hidden them rolled away before the breeze. A few minutes more, and the vague forms took shape; the blurred outlines became sharply defined; and the whole glorious panorama lay before us, unblotted by a cloud. The spot we were standing on, five thousand and thirty-five feet above the sea, was almost midway between the north and south of the island. Looking due north, we could see the breakers rolling into Buff Bay, nearly five-and-twenty miles away; while to the south-east, Morant Bay and all the adjacent line of coast were clearly visible. New-Castle lay at our feet on one side, the little settlement of Cold-Spring on the other; while on our right hand, nearly due east of where we were standing, towered the huge mass of the Blue Mountain Peak, seven thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet high. All around and below us lay the lesser peaks of the chain, covered to the top with thick underwood, save where landslips or torrents had scored their sides. The breeze had died away; the intense silence seemed intensified by the faint chirp of some species of grasshopper from a neighboring shrub; and over all hung the speckless dome of the blue tropical sky.

"Have a good look at it," said Charley, philosophically filling a pipe. "You're in great luck to get the chance. See! it is changing already."

Even as he spoke, the air grew colder, and a light tremor shook the tall tree-ferns. Down through each valley came sweeping dense masses of vapor, spreading in every direction. One huge cloud wrapped the Blue Mountain Peak, leaving only its summit visible, like an island in mid-air. A few seconds more and the whole mountain was blotted out. Up from every side rolled the mist, wreathing itself into a thousand fantastic shapes as it came, till in a few minutes we found ourselves on an island in a sea of cloud; earth and sky, everything invisible, except a few yards round the spot on which we were standing.

Scrambling down the rough path, we regained our ponies and rode round the peak by the Upper Fern-walk. Unfortunately, I am densely ignorant on the subject of ferns; but still I was struck by

the extraordinary beauty and luxuriance of those that clustered on every side of us as we rode on. Especially marvellous were the tree-ferns. In many cases, the twisted stems, perfectly bare, sprang up to a height of forty or fifty feet, and then spread out into magnificent canopies of branches some ten or fifteen feet in diameter. At each stage of the tree-fern's growth, a fresh canopy of branches bursts out around the top, and the one beneath withers and dies. The twisted or plaited appearance of the stems arises from the marks which each successive ring of branches leaves as it withers and falls off, when a fresh one comes out above.

It was now getting on in the afternoon; so, as we were engaged to dine at Ropley, we bade adieu to the Fern-walk, and turned homeward. There being no moon, it was excessively dark as we made our way over to Ropley at half past seven. The major and I walked; and Mrs. Edgeware, with a gray skirt over her evening dress, preceded us on a pony. The boy in front carried a lantern. As we passed the turn to Strawberry Hill, we met the judge in evening clothes, also carrying a lantern, and without a hat.

"Hat!" said the judge, on my making some remark on the absence of his head-gear. "Hat! I never wear a hat at night. I wouldn't wear one by day, only the little boys would hoot me, and bring the bench into contempt. I maintain," he continued, tramping along with vigorous strides, while the lantern flashed on his capacious white waistcoat and gold spectacles — "I maintain, sir, this is the finest climate in the world. There are no extremes. Look at our friends the major and Mrs. Edgeware! Are they ever ill? Look at their children! My boy grew up here, and never had a day's illness till I sent him to England, and there he got scarlatina! It is an English climate, without the English fogs and rains and east winds!"

And the judge, whose vigorous frame and hale complexion showed that a residence of nearly twenty years in Jamaica had not done him much harm, hurried forward to light Mrs. Edgeware in through the gate of Ropley.

CHAPTER VI.

JAMAICA PAST. — JAMAICA FUTURE.

THE dean and Mrs. —; a Mr. S —, an extensive pen-keeper (a person who breeds and sells stock) from the north side; a young lady who was staying in the house; the judge, Charley, and Mrs.

Edgeware and myself, made up the party. Some excellent clear turtle ushered in one of those cosy, pleasant, chatty dinners for which Ropley is famous in Jamaica, and which many an old Jamaican, if this happens to meet his eye, will recall with kindly remembrance. As usual in the hills, we dined practically in the open air, as all the venetians, front and back, were wide open, and the cool evening air came straying in unchecked. I confess to being a sensualist in a small way, and to like a good dinner much; and to like it still more when its surroundings are pretty and bright. When I hear a man declaiming against the pleasures of the table, and boasting that it is a matter of indifference to him what he eats, I set that man down as an ass. A man might as well, in my mind, boast that he was insensible to the perfume of a rose. A good dinner elevates the moral tone. Under its benign influence, we glow with charity towards all mankind. We pronounce A.'s novel pleasant. We can see no harm in Mrs. B.'s little flirtation with Gussy C., that most lamblike of Lovelaces. We fancy — we wouldn't really, you know — but we fancy we would lend money to that poor fellow D., who has gone such an awful smasher.

On the other hand, under the influence of one of those dreadful meals which English middle-class society inflicts on its victims, what are our feelings? what our language? A.'s novel is balderdash; Mrs. B. is a forward hussy, no better than she should be; and as for that rascal D., imprisonment for life is what he deserves. What London man is there who does not recall with a shudder those appalling banquets? We groan when we get the invitation. With gloomy irony, we write back that we accept it "with much pleasure." On the fatal day, we pack ourselves into a cab and drive off. We are received in the hall by Swipes, the greengrocer round the corner. In a confidential undertone, he inquires our name. He knows it perfectly, the old humbug; but it is part of his rôle as interim butler to pretend he does not. In point of fact, it was only a fortnight ago that he attended at our own little dinner, carrying off after that entertainment a cold fowl in his umbrella. We can see it — the umbrella, I mean — bulging in the corner behind the hat-stand. From the soup to the salmon — a bit of the soft side with long bones, like knitting-needles, sticking out of it, is what we always get; from the salmon, through the leathery cutlets and dubious patties, and on to the lukewarm mutton;

from thence to the moment when a morsel of perspiring ice-pudding is dashed on our plate, preparatory to the introduction — by Swipes — of that rich old Château Margaux at forty shillings, — every detail of those dreadful dinners is familiar to us, their heat, discomfort, and general misery.

Here, on the contrary, everything was cool and fresh and pleasant. Gorgeous masses of roses, pink, yellow, and red, bordered by slender ferns or delicate lace-plant, bloomed amid the silver and glass on the table, and filled the room with their fragrance. Instead of that abominable Swipes and his greasy satellites, two smart young negroes, in white jackets and trousers, waited on us. Swift, noiseless, and attentive, they seemed all eyes and hands. Did you look round for the anchovy sauce? There was Joey at your elbow with it. Were you thirsty? Sam had your favorite beverage, iced to a nicety, ready in a twinkling.

Meantime, the talk flowed on. Mrs. Edgeware and Miss — were deeply interested about the marriage of a naval officer with a Jamaica belle, which was soon coming off, and at which the young lady was to assist as bridesmaid; also about a ball, to be given by the officers of the guard-ship. Mr. S — and the judge were discussing the prospects of sugar and some Jamaican question of land reform; while our hostess, Edgeware, and myself were gossiping about the natives and their habits.

"It is a great point with them to imitate the whites," Mrs. — said, when we were sitting over our coffee; "and sometimes the effect is rather absurd. For instance, a friend of ours, Mrs. M —, made her housemaid a present of a cast-off riding-habit and tall hat; and next Sunday the girl made her appearance in church with the tall hat stuck on the top of a red turban. It was too much for my husband's gravity; and he made me tell her that in England a hat and turban were never worn together."

After coffee, we adjourned to the veranda, where we were permitted to smoke, while Miss — discoursed sweet music inside. Mr. S — and I got into conversation as we leaned over the veranda railing, smoking our cigars, and looking out over the starlit bay.

"I won't imitate our American neighbors," he said, laughing, "and ask you what you think of the country."

"Thank you much," I replied. "In fact, I am quite puzzled; and would be only too glad to hear from you, who have

lived here so long, how the colony is getting on. Is it getting on at all?"

He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. "Don't call me a pessimist," he said, "but really, I can't say it is."

"Retrograding?" I inquired.

"Well," he replied, "it depends on what you call retrogression."

"Because," said I, "the ordinary British idea of a West India colony is a place where planters of enormous wealth live surrounded by happy negroes, perpetually dancing and singing when they are not working."

"My dear sir," said Mr. S —, "the ideal planter is as extinct as the dodo. I know the island pretty well, having lived here upwards of forty years; and with the exception of" — he mentioned two or three names — "there are not a dozen sugar-planters in solvent circumstances on the island. The sugar industry, the staple of the island, is simply a thing of the past. I am sorry to say it, but it's true."

"Indeed," I replied. "I thought the labor question, which I suppose is the great question" ("Only one of them," said Mr. S —), "had been solved by the coolie importation."

Mr. S — laughed. "You'll find plenty of people to say so," he said; "and perhaps they believe it. My answer is a very practical and prosaic one. If you were to come over on a visit to me to Trelawney, I'd shew you, in a morning's ride, districts extending for twenty or thirty miles, which were formerly valuable sugar estates, all abandoned by their owners."

"Left absolutely derelict, do you mean?" I asked.

"Absolutely derelict," he replied; "and the same process is going on. Day by day, estate after estate is being abandoned, as not worth keeping."

"And what becomes of the land?" I inquired.

"In some cases, it is squatted on; in others, it goes to bush; and in many cases the government is taking it up, and selling it out to the people at four or five pounds an acre. Indeed," continued Mr. S —, "this abandoning of estates by their owners has been attended by most disastrous consequences to the poor people."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "it happens this way. After an estate is abandoned, somebody assuming to be owner or attorney [land-agent] of the property, takes it,

breaks it up into lots, and sells it to the poor people, putting the money in his pocket. Then, fifteen or sixteen years afterwards, the owner, or some purchaser from him, hearing the land has become worth something, comes back, and ejects all the people who have bought. But our friend the judge can tell you more about this than I can."

"I can," said the judge. "What Mr. S—— has told you is perfectly true as to the scandals and hardships of the present state of affairs. And the reason of it is this, that the law regulating questions as to the possession of land in this island is three centuries old. This law—I'll avoid technicals, to spare our fair friends—but this law, in force here at the present moment, would in some cases allow an owner to stay away beyond seas for any time less than sixty years; and then, when he did come back, give him ten more years to bring his action of ejectment. In order to confer a prescriptive right in Jamaica, it is necessary to have had unchallenged possession of a piece of land for twenty years, and this possession must be what lawyers call 'adverse.'"

"That's a technical, I'm sure," cried Mrs. Edgeware.

"Come, come!" said the judge, laughing. "You are right, Mrs. Edgeware; it is a technical, and a disastrous one for Jamaica peasants who become purchasers of land. It is enough to say, that under its operation a man might formally buy land, pay his money for it, remain twenty-five or thirty years in possession, and then be turned out by the absentee owner. It is needless to say that the common sense of the British legislature has swept away the legislative cobweb."

"You see," resumed Mr. S——, "it was the sugar industry that was the foundation of the island's wealth. The collapse of that, consequent on emancipation; the abolition of protection; the production of beetroot sugar, and other things, have brought about the collapse of everything else. We have no manufactures—no trade, except a small trade in cattle and fruit; there is no immigration—no influx of capital, and no prospect of either."

"A while ago," I remarked, "when I asked you was the island retrograding, you said it depended on what I called retrogression. Now the picture you paint seems very like what I call retrogression."

"Still," said Mr. S——, smiling, "we are progressing towards peasant-proprietorship, which a great many people think a very desirable state of things."

"The fact is," said the judge, "John Bull is taking a pull at his purse-strings. The sums of money spent in the island in former days were enormous. We had a bishop, four archdeacons, and a numerous clergy, paid by the State. We had a general commanding, a huge staff, and innumerable functionaries. All that is a thing of the past. We are dropping to our proper level accordingly."

"The question is, what our proper level will be, and when we will reach it," said Mr. S——. "It's a dangerous thing attempting to prophesy; but—given an island without trade, manufactures, or capital—with the white race decreasing and the black increasing—with no upper classes except a knot of salaried officials—lastly, with an immense extent of land in the hands of government, ready to be sold to the negroes at five pounds an acre—it's not difficult to guess what we are drifting to."

"What?" I asked.

"Simply," replied Mr. S——, "to the original state of the island before a white face was seen here. The island from end to end will be covered with a multitude of peasant proprietors, each cultivating his one or two acres. Emigration and climatic causes will thin out the few thousand whites in the country, and none will come here to replace them. It will be one of the quietest, most orderly, and most standstill communities on earth. When the last white is gone, and the last acre bought by a negro, why then —" Mr. S—— paused.

"What then?" said I.

"Why then," said Mr. S——, laughing, "John Bull will begin to consider whether it is worth his while to keep up an army of officials, and to spend thousands of pounds in keeping troops at New-Castle to watch Quashee planting yams."

"And then," said the judge, rising, "John Bull will pension off liberally that 'knot of salaried officials' you mentioned, Mr. S——. And you and I, dean, will learn whist, and betake ourselves to Bath or Cheltenham to end our days. Good-night, good folks all. Good-night, Mr. O. I am sorry you're leaving us. Let them know at home that we're not quite savages up here in our hills;" and the judge departed.

CHAPTER VII.

FINAL REFLECTIONS. — HOMeward BOUND.

I LAY awake for a long time that night, thinking over what Mr. S—— had said.

It only confirmed what I had heard before from various sources during my stay in Jamaica. All the evidence showed me that any scheme of white immigration was out of the question. In several parts, and those the healthiest parts of the island, it had been tried, and failed. While the white man going to Jamaica, may with reasonable precautions preserve his health, there is a steady deterioration in his descendants. Nobody who has lived in the island can fail to notice the languor and listlessness and want of physique apparent in the Creoles even of the purest white blood. If, then, this white race were to die out, was there any chance of the blacks bettering their position? All that I had heard or seen led me to the conclusion there was none. I know no instance of any, even the smallest rum-shop, being owned by a black. They seem totally devoid of the mercantile instinct. Go into any of the Kingston stores. The clerks behind the counters and at the desks are sometimes white, nearly always colored, but never black. On the other hand, the heavier menial work is always done by blacks. There is nothing to prevent their rising in the world apparently. A good education is within the reach of all, and money in comparatively large sums they can and do save. Two generations almost have grown up since emancipation, so that its degrading associations have had time to pass away. Yet the Jamaica negro does nothing. Living on next to nothing — a negro can live easily on a couple of shillings a week — he saves and saves till he buys an acre of provision-ground. If he has a grown-up family, he saves and saves till he can buy another acre, on which he plants a son or daughter. The same process goes on repeating itself *ad infinitum*; but I never heard of any instance of a negro attempting anything more than this. The younger men having acquired this provision-ground, spend all their money on clothes.

It must be said in their favor that they are a quiet, orderly, sober race; I never, during several months' stay in Jamaica, saw a drunken negro. They are religious too; and their religious tendencies are sometimes a nuisance, inasmuch as a favorite spiritual exercise of theirs is to assemble together and keep roaring Messrs. Moody and Sankey's hymns all night. But as to ideas of progress, they have none. Yet in some respects they are intelligent enough. Especially they have considerable dramatic powers. I

saw a lot of urchins in the school near Craighton act some dramatic scenes with extraordinary spirit. On another occasion, Charley Edgeware's servants extemporized a theatre out of a half-ruined out-house, and played the opening scenes of the first part of "Henry IV." They had posters stuck up on the trees about, and actually got tickets printed. We all went up for half an hour; and really, considering the difficulties they labored under, the affair was a great success. The wild prince was arrayed in red and white striped knickerbockers, an old scarlet tunic, and a French *képi* stuck on the back of his woolly head. But it was darkly hinted to me that they had not the faintest glimmering idea what the speeches meant which they recited so glibly. Their teachers will tell you that up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, they manifest very great quickness of apprehension; but after that, their mental growth seems to stop. They are as imitative as monkeys, and as vain as peacocks. They imitate the English in every way. A negro wedding is a sight to see. I am afraid, by the way, that it is the opportunity for display that it affords, rather than any regard for the sanctity of the tie, that induces them to marry at all. They have a regular swell breakfast, all sorts of joints, sweets, wine, fruit, etc. The funny part of this is, that the ordinary Jamaica negro rather dislikes meat, preferring a mess of split peas, rice, and salt fish. But as the whites have meat, so must they. Their dresses on such occasions, the women's especially, are sometimes irresistibly ludicrous, from the extraordinary jumble of colors and materials composing them. I saw the major's cook going to a wedding. He had a black frock-coat, white waistcoat, patent boots, and an enormous bouquet. Over the waistcoat hung a huge eyeglass, through which, I need hardly say, he could not see. So that all the difference apparently, between the negro of the past and the present is, that the latter can read and wears clothes. Having come to which conclusion, I fell asleep.

All my luggage being sent on early, I started down hill with Charley's groom next morning at half past six, having bid farewell — a long one I am afraid — to my kind host and hostess. For the last time I crawled down the rough bridle-paths, dismissing the groom at the bottom of the hill with a gratuity which will enable him to buy the most splendid waistcoat in Kingston. For the last time I

bumped over the uneven road, and reached Kingston about an hour before the "Mosselle" — for it was she — was to start. I had secured my berth beforehand, and Allen was there to welcome me to my old place. Shortly, the hawsers were cast off and the great screw began to throb, and I was on my way home again. As we passed Port-Royal, a voice from behind accosted me. "Stranger," it said, "I reckon Jamaiker is a one-horse consarn."

It was an American gentleman who made the observation, and — I am afraid I agreed with him.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
LYME REGIS; A SPLINTER OF PETRIFIED HISTORY.

IN the very deepest bend of the great West Bay which sweeps round in a wide arc from the grey Bill of Portland to the red coast of Devonshire near Torquay, nestles the little forgotten borough of Lyme Regis. A quiet wee town is Lyme, set at the bottom of a tiny valley, where a miniature river cuts its way through soft lias cliffs into the sleepy sea. On the three landward sides the hills shut in the town, so that every road which leaves it in any direction mounts at once a few hundred feet or so to the level of the downs above. These downs consist of three different rocks, a soft blue lias below, a yellow sandstone belonging to the greensand formation midway, and a greyish white chalk on top of all. Once upon a time (as fairy-tales and men of science say) the downs stretched all along the coast for many miles at a uniform height of some six hundred feet, and showed on their seaward escarpment all three layers of blue mud, yellow sandstone, and white chalk. Gradually, however, the water has worn a channel for the little river Lym through the two upper strata, and at the bottom of the small amphitheatre thus formed stands the existing town of Lyme. Similar channels have been worn further to the east by the rivers Char and Brit, and at their seaward extremities are built the towns of Charmouth and Bridport. Lesser valleys, again, break the line of cliff in between these three main openings. So now, if you stand on Lyme Cobb — as we call the old stone pier — the view to eastward embraces an undulating coast, which dips down into frequent hollows and rises again into bold hills, till at last the whole country-side

falls away slowly toward the Chesil Bank, while on the dim horizon the white rock of Portland stands like a huge wedge of limestone against the faint skyline. The thick end of the wedge turns toward the land, and rises some five hundred feet in sheer height; the thin end tapers off to sea-level in the direction of the open channel, and prolongs itself under the waves for many miles in the dangerous Race of Portland — a rocky ledge better known than loved by homeward-bound ships. The cliffs in this direction have all lost their top layer of chalk by the wearing action of water, and only show the lower tiers of sandstone covering the lias — an arrangement which has secured for the tallest among them the name of Golden Cap. But to the west the white chalk still peeps out picturesquely above the whole mass, through green trees and broken undercliff, though its advanced shoulders hide the view along the shore towards Seaton, and it is only in clear weather that we can catch a glimpse of the distant Devonshire coast, including the long promontory of Berry Head and the dim but bold outline of the Start.

Here at Lyme the present writer generally poses as an idyllic Melibœus through the summer months, accompanied of course by Phyllis and all the little Delias or Damons. It is indeed a strictly bucolic place, almost six miles from the nearest railway, and as yet unassailed by school-boards or women-suffrage associations. And as I — the Melibœus in question — depend largely upon the neighboring walks for my mental stimulation, I have naturally learned to love every field, path, and village for ten miles around. Moreover, being (amongst other things) of an antiquarian turn of mind, I take an interest everywhere in the local names and the history which they contain. For every local name has of course a meaning, and it was first given for a definite reason. Thus we may regard names in some sort as a kind of philological fossils, and we shall find that to hunt out their derivation and origin is not less interesting to the mind (and far less rough on the clothes) than to hunt for ammonites and saurian bones in the lias cliffs around us. I propose, therefore, to take you all, my kindly readers, for a few walks in the country about Lyme, examining as we go the names of the various points we traverse; and I hope to show you that these splinters of petrified history are far more interesting, even to the casual observer, than you would be at all likely to

suspect at first sight. I choose Lyme merely because I happen to know the country well; but if I once set you upon the right track, you will be able easily to look up the local names of your own neighborhood in the same manner, and you will find the occupation, I trust, both amusing and instructive.

First of all, a word as to the name of Lyme Regis itself. The little river which has scooped out the whole combe or valley bears the name of Lym. This name, like those of almost all our rivers, is not English but Keltic or Welsh. When the English conquerors — the "Anglo-Saxons," as old-fashioned history-books foolishly call them — first came to Britain, they found the country in the possession of the Romanized Welsh, whom the same history-books call "the ancient Britons." Naturally they learned the names of all the physical features, such as rivers, hills, and mountains, from those among the Welsh whom they subdued in war and kept as slaves. Many even of the towns still bear their Romanized or Welsh titles, more or less disguised, as in the case of the great colonies London, Lincoln, and Chester; but rivers invariably retain their old Keltic forms. This particular word, Lym, means in Keltic a torrent, and might be aptly applied to the little hill-fed stream before the modern cuts, and weirs, and milldams obstructed its impetuous course. When the advanced outposts of the English reached this utmost corner of Dorsetshire, they would naturally ask the Welsh, by signs or interpreter, what was the name of the little stream, and receive as an answer that it was called Lym. And Lym it has accordingly been ever since.*

Amongst the records of Glastonbury Abbey is a charter of King Æthelstan, which grants to his namesake, Æthelstan the thegn, six manses "at Lymè," — that is to say, at the Lym. From this usage grew up the modern name Lyme, just as Plyn has grown from the Latin phrase *ad Fines*, or Pontefract from *ad Pontem Fractum*. All through the west country, names of towns are very apt to hang upon those of rivers; such, for example, are Axminster and Axmouth on the Axe, Exeter and Exmouth on the Exe, Bridport on the Brit, Collumpton and Culm-

stock on the Culm, and Tavistock on the Tavy. In each of these cases the river name is Keltic, while the termination is mostly English. But it is not often that the river name alone (in an oblique case) forms the whole title of the town, as at Lyme. We have, however, a corresponding instance in the first recorded cognomen borne by the neighboring village of Charmouth, which figures in the English Chronicle under the form "æt Carrum," that is to say, at the Char.

As to the second half of the title, Regis, it is of course ecclesiastical or legal Latin, and signifies that Lyme was a royal manor from the days of Edward I. We get the same termination in Bere Regis and Melcomb Regis; while the translated form occurs in King's Lynn — a Norfolk town often confounded with the little Dorsetshire borough.

The deeply-cleft valley of the Lym contains one other village, besides Lyme Regis itself — a picturesque group of houses higher up the stream, nestling below a pretty grey church on the hillock, and known as Uplyme. In modern English we generally speak of higher and lower towns, but in the old type of the language many other forms were prevalent. Such are High Wycombe, Over Darwen, Under Marston, and Nether Compton. A Netherbury occurs in this very district, near Beaminster. But one of the commonest west-country modes of expressing comparative height is that made by simply prefixing the word *up*. Thus, along the river Otter, above Ottery, we meet with the village of Up-Ottery; while on the Wey, above Weymouth, stands Upwey. So, too, on the Lym, above Lyme, comes Uplyme; while the main town itself is sometimes described in old charters as Nether-Lym-super-Mare. To the best of my knowledge, this distinctively west-country mode of comparison by means of *up* does not extend to any of the counties east of Wiltshire.

If we start from the wee parade at Lyme on a bright summer's day we may walk across to Charmouth by the cliffs and find it a delightful excursion. The pleasantest plan is to avoid the highway and take a leafy cartroad up the hill, which still bears the name of Colway Lane. Perhaps, if you are a town-bred man, you will be astonished to learn that not only every lane and every farm, but even every field in England, has its own name, and that most of these go back in time far beyond the date when Domesday Book was compiled. This farm on the

* I owe acknowledgments for the general method pursued to Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," and for some special local facts to Robert's "History of Lyme," and Pulman's "Book of the Axe." But in many cases I have endeavored to correct what I believe to be their errors.

left here, for example, is Haye; that is to say, the hedged enclosure—a common termination throughout Devonshire, as in Northernhay, near Exeter. Its various fields are known as Bustart, Middle-mill, Black-Dog Mead, and Four-acre. So, too, this Colway Lane, which was once part of a great Roman road, still preserves the last relics of its original title; for the first half is a fragment of the Latin *colonia*, as in Lincoln and Colchester; while the second half is the common English word *way*. It runs straight up the steep hillside with true Roman directness, disclaiming to twist and zigzag weakly, like the modern road. By it we can soon cross the mouldering cliff known as Black Venn, from its dark lias escarpment, and descend into the valley of the Char at Charmouth.

The word Charmouth is transparency itself; and yet there are some wild philologists who wish to derive it from the name of Cerdic, the first king of Wessex, descendant of Woden, and ancestor of Queen Victoria. For my own part, when I see Wearmouth on the Wear, and Weymouth on the Wey, and Plymouth on the Plym, I cannot hesitate to decide that Charmouth is so called simply from its position at the mouth of the Char, a little river with a good, old, undeciphered name, almost as certainly Keltic as any in the land. The view from Black Venn, looking down upon Charmouth and the hills beyond, is one of the finest you will see in Dorsetshire. Besides the sea and the river valley, you have a splendid prospect over a great green ridge, locally known as Hatton Hill, but more correctly called Hardown, up which the Bridport road winds its way in a long white line, which seem to hang upon its sloping sides. The first group of houses on its flank is Stanbarow, that is to say, the Stone-barrow, so called from some ancient tumulus covering the body of an old Euskarian chief, and spared for ages by Kelt, Roman, and West-Saxon, but long since swept away by the ruthless hand of a modern British squire. The other village near the top bears the quaint name of Morcombe. This word used for a long time to puzzle me; Morcomb, I knew, means the seaward gap or valley; but where was the lake? At last I learnt from laboring men that lake in the Dorsetshire dialect means a small stream, and that such a stream actually flows through the village; while another little rivulet in the Isle of Purbeck bears the name of Luckford Lake. The nearer ridge to the left, dividing the

valley of the Char into two parts, is known as Wootton or Wootton Hill. Wootton is a common corruption of Woodtown, the village among the trees; and two such villages are actually to be described on its summit, half-hidden in the foliage—Wootton Abbots, a dependency of Ford Abbey; and Wootton Fitzpaine, so called from the Norman family who owned the manor. It is interesting to note that some such place gave origin to the two common surnames of Wootton and Hooton. Moreover, as the local west-country pronunciation is always Hooton, I am inclined to suppose that we get our Huttons also from the same source; just as our Hoods are probably mere Dorsetshire and Devonshire varieties of our Woods.

Looking northward, three or four larger hills block the view inland. To the right, Pillesdon and Lewesdon, the two highest points in Dorsetshire, nearly one thousand feet above sea-level, stand out boldly against the sky. Sailors, who know the twin hills well as a landmark, or rather a sea-mark, call them the Cow and Calf. I don't think I can make much of their names, and so I may as well make a clear breast of it. The last part of course means *hill*, and it is possible that Pillesdon is equivalent to Beacon Hill; but of this interpretation cautious etymologists cannot feel certain. It is still surmounted, however, by an ancient earthwork, one of a great ring which girdles the left bank of the Axe, and is answered by another ring on the principal heights of the right side. These earthworks mark the boundary line between the Durotriges, the Keltic inhabitants of Dorsetshire, and the Damnonii, or men of Devon. Both tribes have left a memory of their names in those of the modern shires. Such early fortifications still bear locally the title of castles. These two nearer heights, for example, between Wootton Hill and Pillesdon, are known as Lambert's Castle and Coney Castle. An old prehistoric earthwork still crowns either summit, and once formed a place of refuge and defence for the inhabitants of the lowlands in time of raids, when the men of Devon came on the war-trail against the homes and the cattle of the Dorset folk. The first of these two hills is known to all the country people as Lammas Castle, and I have no doubt this is really the correct name, while the purely hypothetical recognized form has probably been invented by overfine speakers, who thought the common pronunciation too vulgar for their refined

lips, and so evolved an imaginary Lambert out of their own consciousness. Fairs have long been held on this summit during the summer; and though since the days of Queen Anne they have taken place on June 15, or thereabouts, there is reason to believe that in earlier times they fell upon the first of August, or Lammas Day, like the many well-known Lammas fairs throughout England generally. An exactly analogous case occurs at Whit Down, near Chard, so called from an annual fair on Whit-Monday. As to the second hill, Coney Castle, its name goes still further back in antiquity, for it is derived from the early English word *cyning*, or king, and so signifies the Royal Camp. The form Conig Castle is still in occasional use. In 833, when the northern pirates first began their attacks, the English Chronicle tells us that King Ecgberht "fought against the men of thirty-five ships at Charmouth, and there was mickle slaughter done, and the Danes took the day." Perhaps, as has been plausibly conjectured, the name of this lonely down still bears record to the "royal visit" of the ninth century.

Memorials of these early warlike days are generally to be found on the hilltops. The valleys remind us of more peaceful times, and of the agricultural energy of the monastic orders. Standing here on the old Charmouth road, and looking down at the smiling, cultivated dales beneath, we can see them threaded in a silver line by two branches or forks of the river Char, each possessing its own little plain, and each recalling to our minds this useful work of the old clergy. On this side of Lambert's Castle, the long range which includes Coney Castle and Wootton Hill, and forms the dividing ridge between the two forks with their respective basins, lies the village of Monktonwyld, or Monktonweald, still largely surrounded by woodland, but seated for the most part in the midst of a fruitful champaign country. Its name shows that comparatively late in the Middle Ages the neighboring fields were still covered by a weald or forest, like the old Weald of Kent. Of this forest the modern copses and pine groves are the last surviving relics. Into the rich but unoccupied woodland, a good body of monks came from the neighboring Ford Abbey, to make the first settlement in the desolate vale. They built their little cell, and the village which grew up around that nucleus naturally received and still retains the name of Monkton-in-the-Weald, or

Monktonwyld. Doubtless the low-lying plain was then a marshy and ill-drained bottom, with a wide central expanse of boggy land; and the scattered farms of Grubhay, Champernhay, and Thricehay, upon its outskirts, seem to indicate by their common termination that they were originally mere isolated "clearings" in the bush, each one girt round with its own hedge or stockade, and not unlike the modern clearings of American or Australian backwoodsmen. They almost carry us back in memory to the days when Ida, first king of Northumbria, settling down in the wild Yorkshire wolds (the word is the same as *weald* and the German *Wald*), in the naïve language of the English Chronicle, "timbered Bamborough and betyned it with a hedge." Uphay and Netherhay, two common names of Dorsetshire farms, thus mean the higher and lower clearing or enclosure respectively.

The valley which girds round the further and more important branch of the Char is known as the Vale of Marshwood, and now contains some of the finest agricultural grazing land in Dorsetshire. But the comparatively modern form of the name in itself shows that this rich dale, upon whose wide meadow-lands you can look down in a splendid sweep from the top of Pillesdon, remained untilled and unoccupied till a very late date. Even in the days of old Coker, the Dorsetshire historian, it still consisted of unbroken forest; for he speaks of "the Mershe-wood" in the same way as we might now speak of Glen-Tanar or Rothiemurchus. Nay, at the close of the last century, a local poet describes it as dank and pathless. But in the lower part of this damp and wild level—for such we must picture it to have been—the monks again have left a lasting memorial of their presence. "Wood and water" were the two great needs of the clergy. Secure from the ruthless hands of invaders, they did not perch themselves, like the feudal barons, on the top of defensible hills or steeply scarped crags, but placed their home in the pleasant meadows and possible orchard lands by the river-sides. While the castle always crowns the height, the abbey nestles snugly in the valley beneath. That grey tower which you see near the slope of Hardown is the belfry of Whitchurch Canonicorum. It was the seat of a religious community long before the Norman Conquest (though, of course, the existing building is of far later date), for we find it entered as Witcerce in Domes-

day Book. The patroness of the village is a certain Saint Hwit or St. Candida, whose holy well still exists on a neighboring hillside. In Plantagenet times the name was Latinized into *Album Monasterium*; and a white church it must indeed have been when its freestone came fresh from the hands of the mason. As to the suffix *Canonicorum*, we owe that title to its dependence on the canons of Wells and Salisbury.

Ecclesiastical names are, indeed, very common in Dorsetshire and the neighboring bit of Devon. To mention only the larger towns or villages, we have Axminster, Sturminster, Beaminster, Wimborne Minster, Lytchet Minster, and Yetminster; Cerne Abbas, Milton Abbas, Stoke Abbot, and Abbotsbury; Ford Abbey, and Sherborne Abbey; beside a whole host of more or less obvious cases, such as Whitchurch *Canonicorum*, Hawkchurch, Holt Chapel, Toller Fratrum, and Stanton St. Gabriel, not to mention the well-known instance of St. Alban's—or, as it ought to be, St. Aldhelm's—Head. The *minsters*, of course, date from very early times: the *churches* often from the Plantagenet period. And while we are talking of matters ecclesiastical, just let me call your attention to the fact that the little village right beyond Whitchurch is called Ryle, and most probably gave origin to the ancestors of the Bishop of Liverpool. You will find, if you inquire into it, that an immense proportion of our surnames come originally from local names, and, for the most part, from those of the smaller towns or villages. The ancestors of our great epic poet migrated to London from some one of the many Miltowns—sometimes Mill-towns and sometimes Middle-towns—which are scattered all over England. People who keep a lookout upon the signboards over shops soon learn that in every town many families bear the names of neighboring villages. Very often even the most unlikely cases turn up if you wait long enough for them. I was once talking over this very subject at Ford Abbey, near Chard, with a friend, and I pointed out to him from inscriptions on the building that the last abbot of that house before the dissolution of the monasteries had been a certain Dr. Thomas Chard. "There is a surname," said he, "which has not survived at any rate." Only a few weeks later, the news of Rorke's Drift arrived in England, and Major Chard's name became at once familiar in our ears as household words. If you will

keep a lookout in your own town or summer quarters you will find abundant instances of the same sort, throwing light on surnames which at a first glance seem wholly inexplicable.

The places we have hitherto considered lie almost all in the county of Dorset. But Lyme stands close to the Devonshire border, so that Upleyne itself, which is practically a suburb of the old borough, belongs administratively to a different shire. A short excursion in this direction will reveal to us facts of equal interest. The main road to the usual railway station conducts us to Axminster, more famed for the memory of its extinct carpet factories than for any modern reality. It stands, of course, on the river Axe, whose name is also Keltic, and reappears in the Esk, Usk, Exe, and many like streams. The word, I need hardly say, is old Welsh for *water*, as Avon is for *river*. As to the minster, it is an early English foundation, dating from before the Conquest, and mention is made of the town under its present name in the Chronicle under the year 784, when Cynehard the Atheling was buried here. The existing church actually contains fragments of architecture which may possibly go back to the reign of Edward the Confessor. In local pronunciation the town is always Axminster; and Leland, in the time of Henry VIII., so spells it. Such a contraction is very common in the west country. Thus Beaminster—originally, as we know from charters, Bega-minster, that is to say, the church of St. Bega or St. Bee—has become shortened in the Dorset mouth to Bemminster. Hence we may conclude that the neighboring village of Misterton is really the Minster-town. So, too, the old English Exan-ceaster, the *castrum*, or fortified town, on the Exe, has been clipped into Exeter by western lips, while similar forms retain their hard sound elsewhere. Indeed, as we go southward and westward we find a constant deterioration in the spelling and pronunciation of these words, from Lancaster in the north, through Manchester, Leicester, Worcester, and Gloucester, among the midlands, to Exeter in the extreme south-west.

A pleasant round may be taken from Axminster by Seaton and the mouth of the Axe home to Lyme. Soon after leaving the town, we reach the little river Yart, which we cross by Yarty Bridge. Like all the other river names, Yart is good Keltic; and in the upper part of its course stands a village with the doubly

Keltic name of Yarcombe, that is Yart Valley; for *combe* is the Welsh word *cwm* (an enclosed dell), familiar to all Snowdon climbers, and reappearing again throughout England even among the thoroughly Teutonic South Downs near Brighton. But in the second part of the word Yarty we have a real English root. Yarty means the island on the Yart. Now, almost all the islands round the English coast end in *y* or *ey*, as, for example, Sheppey, Walney, Anglesey, Lundy, and Bardsey. In many inland places, not now insulated, but once cut off by rivers or marshes, we meet with the same termination, as in Ely, Athelney, and Oseney. Often it occurs in a corrupt form: thus the largest island in Poole Harbor is called Brankssea (that is, Brank's island); while Chelsea and Battersea were once eyots in the Thames. Anglesey is now commonly written Anglesea. In all these cases we have to deal with the old English word *ig*, an island, the latter term itself being a corruption of *igland*, and the false spelling being due to a confusion with the Norman French *isle*, a derivative of the Latin *insula* (Italian, *isola*; old French, *isle*; modern French, *île*). So Yarty really bears witness to the former existence of a marshy island dividing the stream at this spot, a circumstance which caused the place to be adopted first for the ford and later on for the more civilized bridge. Similarly, Ottery is the island on the Otter, and derives its second title of St. Mary's from the saint to whom its beautiful church is dedicated.

The next village which we meet is Kilmington. This name belongs to a type very common throughout eastern and thoroughly Teutonic England, but extremely rare in the highly Keltic west-Welsh counties. The early English colonists consisted of separate clans, each of which bore a patronymic derived from a real or mythical ancestor. Thus the sons of Aella would be Aelings, and settled at Allington; those of Boc were Bocings, and dwelt at Buckingham; those of Peada were Peadings, and they have left their mark at Paddington. Wallingford, Wellington, Birmingham, Kensington, Basingstoke, and Wellingborough, are other well-known examples of like forms. In purely English Kent and Essex, where the conquering "Anglo-Saxons" settled in hordes, names of this type may be collected on a county map by the dozen. But here in west Wales the English only came as wealthy lords of

the soil, not as real working settlers and cultivators; so that in the Lyme district, for ten miles or so in every direction, I know of only two cases where English clans have left their token on the local nomenclature. The one is Cheddington, near Crewkerne, which keeps alive the memory of the Ceadings or sons of Ceada; the other is this very spot, Kilmington, which bears witness to an early settlement of the Culmings. Local lips still preserve the true vocal pronunciation in the common form Cullmiton. Gillingham and Osmington are the only two noteworthy villages of this Teutonic clan type in all Dorsetshire.

Our next point must be Colyford, where the direct road from Lyme to Sidmouth crosses the Coly, once, as the name tells us, by a ford, but now by a commodious bridge. This road is the old Roman one from Dorchester to Exeter. It traverses the Axe a little before reaching Colyford at a place called Axbridge. A little lower down lies the village of Axmouth, which, like the other river names, is too transparent to need interpretation. Opposite it stands our present goal, the modern watering-place of Seaton. This name, again, tells its own tale too well to require much comment, yet we may say a word or two about its form. There is a place called Seatown at the foot of Golden Cap, which shows by its modern spelling that it only dates from the time when the word *town* had acquired its existing orthography. But our present Seaton is a more ancient place, and contains the older English (or so-called Anglo-Saxon) form of *ton* or *tun*, which signified a farmhouse or enclosure, rather than a town in the modern sense. Hence it is that single isolated homesteads in the country often bear names ending in *ton*, like the well-known houses at Freshwater, East and West Afton, familiar to most tourists in the Isle of Wight. Such a solitary farm was doubtless the origin of our gay little Seaton, in days when Axmouth was a respectable burgh on the opposite side of the little river. At present, Axmouth has dwindled to an insignificant hamlet, while Seaton, thanks to the railway and its fine cliffs of white chalk and red marl, has become a fashionable little summer resort of a quiet kind.

A short and pleasant walk over these pretty red and white cliffs (whose contrasts of color are sometimes almost startling) will bring us to the tiny fishing-village of Beer. There are only three points in Beer which could possibly inter-

est the most curious mind. The first is that they catch excellent lobsters; the second is, that till very lately Beer could boast of probably the meanest and most insignificant parish church in Great Britain; and the third is, that its name is almost certainly Scandinavian. This last fact is undeniably a strange and unexpected one. To be sure the Danish pirates were in the habit of settling everywhere round the coast of Britain, on islands, peninsulas, and other like suitable spots; and the west Welsh often allied themselves with the marauders in early times against their Wessex overlords. But there are comparatively few Danish settlements on the south coast, and I was long unwilling to believe that Beer was a genuine instance of a Scandinavian colony. Many considerations, however, have at last decided me to accept the theory as true. Beer is just such an isolated seaward nook as the Scandinavians loved—a tiny valley or *combe*, surrounded by hills, and opening upon a little cove of its own, shut in on every side by lofty cliffs. Local tradition universally speaks of a great battle fought between a host of Danes and the English *fyrd* near Axminster; and many antiquaries have tried (though not quite successfully) to identify the traditional encounter with the famous fight at Brunanburh, made familiar to us all by the grand old English battle-song. The traditions about this Danish invasion are so numerous, and relate to so many local names, such as Warlake (that is, the stream or brook of battle), Brunedown, and Musbury, that we can hardly doubt their substantial correctness. Risdon says, as acknowledged matter of fact, that the Danes "landed in Seaton in 937;" and whether Axminster was Brunanburh or not, it was almost certainly the site of a great battle with some invading northern host. Of course it would be impossible to enter into questions of detail here; but it is interesting to notice that many other apparently Danish names occur in the neighborhood. Thus a little way up the Yart we find a down known as Danes' Hill, at whose foot lies the village of Dallwood—the wood in the dale—while the crossing over the little stream is called Beckford Bridge, replacing the old ford over the *beck*, as the Scandinavians call a brook. Beckford, by the way, gives rise to another familiar surname, which all of us know through the brilliant author of "Vathek," and owner of Fonthill Abbey. In Domesday, a manor adjoining Ax-

minster is called Deneord; that is to say, Danes' land.

From Beer and Seaton we may return to Lyme by the high-road, over Axbridge and close to Combe Pyne—the first half of which is our old friend *combe*, a valley, while the second half belongs to the ancient lords of the manor, the famous Devonshire family of the Pynes. At a still earlier date, Combe was the property of the Coffins, another great Devonshire house, and then bore the name of Combe Coffin. Later on, the two families coalesced, and so gave origin to the ludicrous modern surname of Pyne-Coffin, borne by the branch of the old stock now settled at Alwington House near Clovelly. Combe Pyne, as its name suggests, is a pleasant little vale, where a tributary of the Axe has cut through the layer of chalk and reached the greensand below. Owing to this fact, the course of the brook is bordered by a fringe of trees, rare in the district between Axe and Lym, as they invariably are on chalk downs. You can always spot the places where the water has worn down the level to the greensand by observing the presence of trees. If we prefer it, indeed, we may make our way home through this bare, chalky country near the cliffs, instead of by the high-road; and in that case we shall pass the famous landslip at Bindon, the largest ever known to have occurred in England at a single slip, and much finer than its tangled rival at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Close by stands the headland known as Culverhole Point—a name which reminds us of the Culver Cliffs on Sandown Bay. Culver is the old English name for a wood-pigeon, and in the honey-combed face of such chalk cliffs the wild doves used long ago to make their nests. A little further on we pass the village of Rousdon, or Ralph's down, so called from an early lord of the manor. Next comes Whitlands, which obviously takes its name from the selfsame chalk, and whose *lands*, turning up *white* under the plough, are the first of the sort which you meet on your way out from Lyme. Lastly, a stroll through the beautiful cliffs of Pinney—properly Pinhay—leads us home again to our starting-point by one of the prettiest paths which you can find even in the lovely west country. And so ends for the day our etymological excursion from Lyme.

A word or two, before I conclude, as to the general method which must be employed in hunting up the meaning of local names. You will find every town and

village in your own pet country haunts has just as curious a history as those about Lyme Regis; but it will not do merely to take the name in its current modern form, and hazard a random guess at its meaning anyhow. You must track it back to its earliest known shape in ancient records, and, if possible, find out the exact historical circumstances which attended its origin. For this purpose you will find Domesday Book quite invaluable, as it preserves for us the names of almost every parish or hamlet in England at the time of William the Conqueror's great survey. Even Domesday however, priceless as it is, often fails to give us a trustworthy form, as William's Norman commissioners sometimes Latinized native English names, local or personal, under the most astoundingly garbled disguises. Accordingly, the safest guides of all are the genuine early English, or so-called Anglo-Saxon documents, the Chronicle, and the great collections of Charters published by Kemble and Thorpe. If you are lucky enough to hit upon your local names in any of these — they are to be found in every good reference library — you will seldom have any difficulty in discovering their real origin.

And now for an example or two of the necessity for finding historical evidence as to the primitive form of names. Take first Glastonbury. In its present shape the name is meaningless. An amateur might guess it to be Glass-town-bury; but the English Chronicle calls it *Glæstingabyrig*, and we then know at once that it is really the bury or borough of the *Glæstingas* or *Glastings*, an early English clan. On the other hand, we might be tempted, like Mr. Isaac Taylor, to suppose that Abingdon was similarly the dune or hill of the *Æbings*, a real clan; but the earlier form in the Chronicle is *Abbandun*, and we learn from the records of Abingdon monastery that the great abbey was actually founded by one Abba, an Irish monk, from whom the place derives its title. There is a strong tendency for names of this sort to undergo an assimilation to the numerous class which are formed from the clan patronymics; for *Huntandun* has similarly become *Huntingdon*, just as captain nowadays becomes captioning. Again, our old friend Kilmington has been explained by local etymologists as the Keltic *Kil-maen-dun* (Stone-cell-hill). When anybody tries to impose upon you with a Keltic jawbreaker of that sort, you may promptly distrust him, and stick patriotically instead to your own

native English. The old English form, *Culmingatune*, gives you at once the true story. Once more, Warwickshire antiquaries used formerly to assert that Birmingham was a mere corruption of the vulgar word *Brummagem*, that is, *Brom-wychham*; West Bromwich and Castle Bromwich being two other places in the immediate neighborhood. This is no doubt the true derivation of *Brummagem*, which is in fact not a corruption of Birmingham, but an independent collateral name. However, the Domesday form, *Beormingham*, shows us that the recognized legal title of the borough really means the *ham* or home of the *Beormings*, another of the old Teutonic clans.

These cases will be enough to impress upon you the lesson that you must proceed with due caution, and must not give way to mere blind guesses. But if you have access to a good library, and take moderate care, and especially if you are fortunate enough to possess a slight knowledge of the old English tongue, which we foolishly call Anglo-Saxon, you will have little difficulty in doing for other places what I have tried to do here in a rapid sketch for Lyme. The new study will add a fresh and unexpected interest to even the dullest and most unpicturesque hamlets that you happen to meet with in your daily walks.

From The Spectator.
THE PHOTOPHONE.

THE world cannot keep pace with the scientific surprises of this age. Before sufficient time has elapsed to make one startling invention familiar, another equally astonishing is already the subject of lectures and newspaper articles. Before the telephone, the microphone, and the phonograph have found their way into common use, a still more extraordinary instrument is announced, — one of which the results are as unexpected by the scientific as they are incredible to the ordinary mind. We hear of conversation being carried on by means of a trembling beam of light, and incredulity reaches its climax when it is whispered that the photophone may enable us to hear the rise and fall of those gigantic storms that are constantly sweeping over the sun's surface. Is it possible that the revelations of modern science — condemned as materialistic and prosaic — can thus outstrip the wildest flights of the imagination?

The photophone is the latest development of Professor Graham Bell's ingenuity, and for its scientific novelty, if not for its practical utility, well deserves a brief description. One of the elementary bodies, named selenium, and allied to sulphur, is known to undergo certain changes in its molecular structure when light falls upon it. These changes cause the very high resistance it offers to the passage of an electric current to vary slightly, and this curious effect, hitherto believed to be unique, has lately been the subject of investigation by various English physicists. It occurred to several that this substance might be employed as a sort of telephone, a beam of light being used to replace the conducting wires of the usual forms of these instruments. Professor Graham Bell, the discoverer of the telephone, to whom, amongst others, this idea occurred, has had the good fortune to throw that thought into practical shape.

A mirror, from which is reflected a powerful beam of light, may be caused to vibrate by means of the voice. These vibrations toss the beam of light slightly to and fro, and this vibrating beam falls upon a selenium receiver, through which an electric current is passing, thereby creating slight variations in the resistances the current encounters. These tiny variations in electric resistance can be detected and rendered audible by that wonderfully sensitive little instrument, the Bell telephone. This was the conception which led Professor Bell to announce, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution so long ago as 1878, the "possibility of hearing a shadow fall upon a piece of selenium." Within the last few months, he has succeeded in putting this into practical execution.

In the articulating photophone, a beam of light, derived either from an artificial source or from the sun, is thrown by a mirror on to the transmitter, which is a small disc of silvered glass, with a tube and mouthpiece attached. The beam of light reflected from the transmitter is focussed as nearly as possible upon the distant receiver. When, therefore, words are spoken into the mouthpiece, the disc becomes agitated, alters slightly in shape, and, therefore, in its focal length, and thus affects the receiving station, by throwing upon it a greater or less amount of light, according as the beam is in or out of focus. If absolutely accurate adjustment were possible, and all disturbing

elements could be eliminated, the varying amount of illumination received at the distant end would wholly depend upon the variations in sound at the transmitting end, and an exact reproduction of the original sounds would be obtained. This we cannot expect yet, but the results already obtained lead one to hope that in time even this may be achieved.

The receiver of the photophone, as at present arranged, consists of a large concave mirror, which reflects and focusses the light upon a selenium cell; this is connected with a battery, and a couple of ordinary telephones are included in the circuit. The selenium cell is very ingeniously adapted by Professor Bell to its purpose. It consists of alternate discs of brass and mica, the edges of which are coated with selenium, pared to make it as thin as possible, whilst yet exposing a sufficiently large surface to the action of the light. Any increase of light, falling upon this selenium cell, lessens its electric resistance; hence the vibrations of the mirror (caused by the words spoken into the mouthpiece by the transmitter), altering somewhat the amount of light received upon the cell, reproduce themselves audibly, by means of the greater or less amount of electricity thereby transmitted through the telephone. Both transmitter and receiver must, of course, be so supported as to be free to move, according to the direction in which the beam has to be sent or received.

There are many difficulties in the practical working of this little instrument, but though entirely satisfactory results have not yet been obtained, the principle is beyond dispute that sound and light can act upon one another in the manner described. Articulate speech has been transmitted by means of the telephone to a distance of some two hundred and thirty yards, the voice being heard sometimes almost as loudly as in talking through an ordinary telephone, though the sound varies in intensity in an unaccountable manner.

Professor Bell has arrived at many interesting results while experimenting upon this instrument. He has found that curious molecular changes take place not only in selenium, but also in thin surfaces of almost any substance; so that they respond, by audible vibrations, to the action of an intermittent beam of light. There is a great difference, however, in the sensitiveness of the different substances; vulcanite is one of the best, carbon is

very good, but water is absolutely irresponsive, and glass, unsilvered, is also bad. Upon this discovery, Professor Bell has constructed a simple form of telephone for transmitting musical tones.

A beam of light is thrown upon a mirror, and focussed by a lens as before; at the focus is a disc, perforated round its circumference with numerous holes. From this disc, which can be rotated so that the beam passes through a varying number of holes, according to the speed of rotation, the light passes on to a receiving disc of ebonite, from whence the sounds are conveyed by a tube to the listener. That these musical sounds—which are much louder than the spoken words—are really due to the action of light or radiant energy of some form, may be easily proved, for when the beam is interrupted by means of a disc of some opaque body, though the perforated disc is still rotating, nothing is heard at the receiver. No wires are needed as conductors between the transmitter and the receiver; the beam of light forms the only necessary connection, and this beam of light, with the simple apparatus described, has been the means of conveying distinct musical sounds to a distance of more than a mile. Not that even this distance is a necessary limit, for there is no reason why the sound should not be carried as far as the light can be thrown. We have here, in fact, a *musical heliostat*.

The real cause of the molecular changes accompanying this action of an intermittent beam of light upon different substances is not yet certain. It appears probable, however, that the varying electric resistances of selenium are directly due to light; whilst, as with the radiometer, radiant heat is probably the real source of those molecular changes which produce the audible vibrations of vulcanite and other bodies. Whether, however, it be heat or light which is the original source of these vibrations, the wonder is equally great; for, if it be heat, the molecules composing the substance must be cooled and heated with sufficient rapidity to respond to vibrations, of which there may be many hundreds in a second. Science is every day showing us that we are only beginning to discern the subtler potencies of matter and energy, and we find that the goal of to-day becomes the starting-point of to-morrow, and that a barrier is no sooner reached, than it becomes a gateway to new and wider views of truth.

From The Spectator.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN.

In Sir Alexander Cockburn, we lose one who, after all due abatement has been made from the rather indiscriminate eulogies of the past week, must be acknowledged to have been a great, and in many respects a typical, Englishman. He came of a Scotch house, and had French blood in his veins; but his nature, both in its strength and in its weaknesses, was thoroughly English. But he was an Englishman of a particular epoch, who had survived all or almost all, his contemporaries, and lived on into a generation with whose ideas and aims he was not altogether at home. His vitality was so persistent, his powers so elastic, his resources so varied, that he often seemed as though he were one of ourselves, and we were tempted to forget that he belonged, in spirit as well as in time, to the Palmerstonian era. It was not a mere coincidence that the occasion which inspired his first great effort as a political speaker, and which revealed to the House of Commons his extraordinary faculty for argumentative rhetoric, was the *Don Pacifico Debate*. *Don Pacifico* was a poor creature; his claims were of the most questionable kind; Lord Palmerston's interference had been even exceptionally blustering; and Mr. Gladstone's condemnation of the whole business, to which Cockburn's speech was a reply, correctly anticipated the verdict of history. Yet the debate was one long triumph for Lord Palmerston, and Cockburn's success was as sudden and striking as any in Parliamentary annals. The explanation is that both men were, as they always remained, in hearty sympathy with the ideas which at that time formed the main part of the average Englishman's political gospel, and which were eloquently summed up in the famous *Civis Romanus sum* peroration with which Lord Palmerston ended his speech. To the end of his life, Sir Alexander Cockburn was constantly showing that his mind was under the dominion of the same class of ideas. A man of the widest culture and of excellent literary taste, he had the most sincere reverence for, and was always ready to give sonorous expression to, the commonplaces of the English Constitution. The "majesty of the law," the "liberty of the subject," the inviolability of constitutional rights and legal modes of procedure, were themes which excited in him genuine enthusiasm. The "common

form" meaning and scation, ment splend well-w mind shared prede viceab and c law. jury in only a spirit ousy v ments known where in acc that no the ab injuri superior suit of sented bring course and th "that our m author purpose charge edge intenti them —the prospe whose been queen it is redres In this A. Co inferior being comes That i is no no rem scrib allow Such a for just judge, perfect energ burn's

form" of the bench had, in his eyes, real meaning and solemnity. To irreverent and sceptical bystanders of a later generation, it was sometimes a matter of amusement to watch him cloathing with his splendid rhetoric one or another of these well-worn platitudes. But this temper of mind was one which the chief justice shared with some of his most eminent predecessors, and has proved very serviceable in liberalizing the interpretation and controlling the technicalities of the law. His memorable charge to the grand jury in the case of Nelson and Brand, was only a conspicuous illustration of the spirit of watchful and well-founded jealousy with which he regarded all encroachments upon legal freedom. In the less known case of *Dawkins v. Lord Paulet*, where the majority of the court decided, in accordance with previous authorities, that not even the presence of malice and the absence of reasonable cause can make injurious statements in the report of a superior military officer actionable at the suit of his inferior, the chief justice dissented from his colleagues. "I cannot bring myself to think," he said, in the course of a judgment of which the matter and the style are equally characteristic, "that it is essential to the well-being of our military or naval force that where authority is intentionally abused, for the purpose of injustice or oppression; where charges are preferred which, to the knowledge of the party preferring them, are intentionally unjust; where representations are made which the party making them knows to be slanderous and false, — the party injured, whose professional prospects may have been ruined, and whose professional reputation may have been blasted, is to be told that the queen's courts, in a country whose boast it is that there is no wrong without redress, are shut to his just complaint." In this passage, the attitude in which Sir A. Cockburn approached the decisions of inferior tribunals, which were constantly being brought before him for review, comes out with unmistakable clearness. That in this land of law and liberty there is no wrong without a remedy, and that no remedies, except or beyond those prescribed by law, are either necessary or allowable, was with him an article of faith. Such a belief, while it quickens the zeal for justice which is the best quality of a judge, tends to blind the eyes to the imperfections and abuses which arouse the energy of the reformer. In Sir A. Cockburn's case it did more, for it made him a

persistent and powerful antagonist of legal reform. The fusion of law and equity, the unification of the courts, and the assimilation of procedure, were changes which he strenuously opposed, and to which, even after their adoption, he never disguised his hostility. It may be admitted that many of his criticisms were justified, and that the new system has not as yet realized all that was expected of it. But that it has effected some considerable improvements, few candid observers will deny. The lord chief justice of England, however, could never bring himself to relish the legislation which had transformed his ancient and illustrious office into that of president of the Queen's Bench Division.

The question whether he was or was not a great judge will be answered differently, according to the view taken of the requirements of his post. That he was a great lawyer, in the technical sense in which Lord Wensleydale was and Lord Blackburn is so reputed, no one would think of asserting. It is probable, indeed, that few of his predecessors were as deficient in what may be called "black-letter" knowledge as he was, when he first mounted the bench. It may be doubted, however, whether, in his position, this was a serious disadvantage; and it is certain that with him, as with Lord Denman, against whom the same complaint used to be made, it was more than counterbalanced by the possession of resources in which he had no rival among his colleagues. His voice and manner were as near perfection as such things well can be. His dignity was so impressive and his courtesy so winning, that the late Dr. Kenealy was probably almost the only man who ever ventured to be impertinent to him. His intellectual gifts were equally remarkable. We doubt whether he has ever been surpassed in that highest department of the art of advocacy, which consists in the telling of a complicated story with perfect lucidity, and without suppression, addition, or comment, and yet in such a way as to lead the mind of the hearer irresistibly, and as it were spontaneously, to the desired conclusion. Sir A. Cockburn's summing-up were, for the most part, efforts of this kind. He held, and we think rightly, that it is the duty of the judge in charging the jury to do something more than chop up the evidence into small pieces, and cram it raw down their throats. It was, as a rule, not difficult to gather from his summing-up which way he thought the verdict

ought to go. Accordingly, he was not unfrequently accused by stupid people of partiality, when he had in reality only done what every judge who is determined to prevent the defeat of justice is from time to time bound to do. There is no doubt that he was seen at his best when presiding over a criminal court or sitting at *nisi prius*. That he had a weakness for sensational cases must be acknowledged; but may not the same thing be said of the great Lord Mansfield, and of Lord Campbell, and, indeed, of almost every judge whose position has allowed him to gratify his tastes? In Banc he had the good or the bad fortune to sit for years side by side with the greatest living master of the common law. Of the judgments which are recorded in the reports of the Queen's Bench during the last twenty years, it is no disparagement to his memory to say that those of the chief justice will not be the most frequently cited. The elaborate learning with which his prepared decisions abound, has sometimes rather the air of having been got up for the occasion. But they display an intellectual grasp, a felicity of expression, a familiarity with other systems of law, and an insight into the principles of general jurisprudence, which are not too common in the English courts, and which will cause them to be remembered and admired by posterity.

The best tribute to the memory of the late chief justice is the feeling, which is, we believe, universal, both in the legal profession and in the country, that his loss has left a blank which cannot be supplied. His many-sided talents, his exuberant energy, and his brilliant career, prolonged with unabated vigor and success through the lifetime of two generations, made him a unique figure among our public men. His name was associated in the popular mind with a very definite and very interesting personality. The people knew him, understood him, and were proud of him; and though a fit successor to his vacant office may not be difficult to find, it will be long before the void which his death has caused will cease to be felt. He was a great judge, and an even greater power.

being said just now in Germany, is not, we think, very hard to understand. The Jewish, like every other tolerably pure race, has its own distinctive quality, and that quality, which is substantially quickness of insight, or, to use a simpler phrase, intelligent keenness, happens, under the conditions of modern society, to be exceedingly valuable. There are many other qualities which the race has never displayed, and which are also very important. They have never founded a State of any magnitude, though they have always been more numerous than the Romans who conquered the world, and now exceed in numbers any of the minor peoples of Europe. They have never made even an effort to become a nation, which, in recent times, at all events, would have been easy for them, on better soils than Palestine. With a momentary exception in Moorish Spain, they have never dominated any people, or conciliated any people, even in the East, where they have had fair chances; or founded any great city, or done anything, except in theology, of which history hitherto has found itself compelled to take great notice. It may hereafter be compelled to describe Lassalle and Marx, but the hour of triumph for their ideas, if it is ever to arrive, has not come yet. They have never since the Maccabees produced a great soldier, for Masséna was only second-rate, the Jewish chief of the staff on the Austrian side did not succeed at Sadowa, and we cannot yet credit them with a statesman of the first class. Lord Beaconsfield is hardly more than a great party leader in politics, though he has a certain genius for apprehending the passing waves of emotion in the British people; Herr Lasker has never overthrown a government, M. Crémieux proved a failure at Bordeaux, M. Fould was only a clear-headed banker, Sir H. Drummond Wolff has scarcely made a mark, and if M. Gambetta is, as the Jewish papers say, Hebrew by descent, he is at once the strongest representative of the race and the one whose blood is least pure. The Jews have never produced a very great engineer, and, curiously enough, have not risen to the front rank among the captains of industry. We can recall no man of the race, who, as inventor, is on a level with Arkwright; or, as manufacturer, with Titus Salt; or, as contractor, with Mr. Brassey; for Herr Strousberg, who in the range of his ideas was decidedly greater than any of the three, failed, being beaten, we have always thought, by quali-

From The Spectator.
JEWISH SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

THE success of the Jews in western and central Europe, of which so much is

ties the world does not attribute to Jews, an over-fervid imagination and breadth of enterprise. The Jew has not the constructive faculties in any unusual degree, and still less the industrial; in fact, he produces nothing, neither buildings, nor food, nor ships; but he has keen intelligence and great strenuousness, and in our day keen intelligence tells, while strenuousness, in many departments of life, compensates for industry. The Jew succeeds as a lawyer, as an official, as a professor, as an advocate, as a Parliamentary debater, as a proprietor of journals, as physician, and in many walks of literature, occasionally, as in Heine's case, rising to the highest. That he is a great wealth-maker, we should, if we had the courage to defy a universal prepossession, be inclined to deny, for he adds nothing to the wealth of the world, and the mass of his nation remains, therefore, poor to penury, no poverty surpassing that of Russian, Polish, German, and Austrian Jews, that is, of the enormous majority; but he has mastered the secret that money is to be made rapidly by the distribution of products; he has been compelled, by the oppression of centuries, to comprehend exactly the value of paper "securities" and the mode of dealing with them, and his intellect being exactly fitted to the work, whenever he gets fair play in those departments of life he beats all competitors, except, perhaps, Armenians and Parsees. The Armenians have never invaded the orderly countries, and have, therefore, never been able to accumulate freely; and the Parsees have confined their great capacities to rather too narrow a field, the trade of India and a few ports of the southern Asiatic coasts. Neither Armenian, Parsee, nor Christian, however, will labor as the Jew labors in his own groove, take half the trouble, or watch opportunity with half the aggressive intelligence. Within his limits the Jew succeeds, and as he is extremely strenuous, rarely burdens himself with more education than he needs—for though Jews are among the most cultivated of mankind, the majority care more to be linguists, mathematicians, and masters of the ways of trade—and has the sympathy of his entire people, he rises more rapidly and with less friction than his competitors, till in some places every prominent person seems to be more or less a Jew, and Dr. Stocker's fierce epigram becomes literally true, "At the post-mortem examination of a body lately, there were present the *district* physician,

the lawyer, the surgeon, and a fourth official, all Jews, and none but the corpse was German. Behold a picture of the present!" The success is won fairly enough, by qualities which his rivals might display, if they had them,—by intelligence, effort, and readiness to accept all inevitable conditions. The only advantages Jews possess is their cosmopolitan character, which is an accident; their mutual sympathy, which, though sometimes carried rather far—as in the feeling which the Jews of all countries have displayed for Lord Beaconsfield—is natural in an oppressed race; and a certain limitation of sympathy to their own people, which makes all Christians deem them hard. Read Lord Beaconsfield upon Irishmen or on English politics, and then read him on his own people, and mark the difference of the passion. Trades' unionism, however, even upon a large scale, is not in itself immoral, and in Asia "white men" hold together against dark men quite as strongly as Jews have ever done against the Gentiles among whom they dwell.

It is more easy to explain why Jews succeed than why they fail, but in one respect they certainly do fail. They genuinely desire to be liked by the peoples among whom they sojourn, and they are not liked, either in Asia, or America, or Europe. This is not due to their creed, for Asia tolerates all creeds, and their *cultus*, depending on pedigree, gives no offence by proselytism, while in Europe whole classes hold a faith hardly distinguishable from theirs. Nor is it their conception of life which is offensive. Jews have become an adaptable race; they do not reverence asceticism, and their idea of luxury, apart from a certain love of splendor, which the East thinks magnificent and the West vulgar, differs very little from that of their competitors. The rich German, or Frenchman, or Englishman has not much right to talk about Jewish profusion, or his hunger after material comfort, or even his fondness for display. Still, the Jew is disliked, as his rivals, living like him, are not disliked, and in all Western countries things are pardoned to successful natives which in successful Jews arouse the bitterest resentment. The reason is alleged to be want of patriotism, but though the Jews are often cosmopolitan, and in countries where they are persecuted distinctly hostile to the oppressive *régime*—a hostility rising in states like Roumania to a passion—they often can be and are patriotic.

There are no more decided Germans, Frenchmen, or Italians than the Jews of those countries; and the English Jews would be English, too, were they not so few, and so impatient of the English temperament. The main reasons, we believe, for the dislike are two,—the first being that the Jews in all countries remain Jews, that is, distinctive, and thereby acquire the dislike with which any foreign race whatever similarly successful would be regarded; and the second, that they are an exceedingly pushing people. They are not more disliked than the Scotch were, and the Greeks are, in England, or than the Poles are in those districts of Germany where the races come in contact. The Jews say, of course, everywhere, that they are merely citizens with a distinctive creed; but citizens with a distinctive creed rarely refuse to intermarry, do not live so completely among themselves, do not help each other so markedly, and are not separated from the majority by so unmistakable a difference of appearance. They are separate, and with the mass of mankind separation implies hostility, more especially when, as in this case, separation is not accompanied and palliated by seclusion. The Jew is everywhere except in the open fields, in all societies, in all marts, in all streets, and everywhere is the least secluded of men,—the man, in fact, who makes himself the most visible. He is gregarious, not solitary; a man of society, not a recluse; a pushing man, not a retiring, and far less a humble one. There, we suspect, we arrive at the final secret of popular dislike. "My people," said one of the most accomplished and best-born of their number to the writer, "have all one foible which breeds trouble. All Jews are vain." They like to be at the top, to be great in society, to be *en évidence* everywhere, to be important, and to make

their importance felt. They all, if they grow rich, ask rank at the sovereigns' hands. They all, not without reason, are full of the pride of pedigree, and look down on other races as both *parvenus* and stupid. They assert themselves strongly, with a certain triumph, as of people to whom justice has been done at last; and as self-assertion has till recently been difficult, their manners have often become, as a witty American said, "a little large in proportion." Their method of asserting themselves is not their fault, for all Orientals not of the highest type pursue it, a wealthy Baboo, or Parsee, or Persian asserting himself in just the same way, with a certain swell and fuss, but it makes them prominent; and, granted a separate people, very successful, very conspicuous, and very vain, planted among another people much more numerous, much less successful, and rather proud than vain, the two understanding each other's language perfectly, and being close enough to differentiate each other at a glance and follow each other's *nuances* of manner, we have all the materials of popular dislike. We doubt its being very deep, even in Germany, where, after all, there is a rooted respect for the intellectuality which is the Jew characteristic; and believe that with the existing distress, which embitters the country against all who are rich and extravagant, it will pass away, if not as completely as in France, at least as much as in England, where Jewish blood is no bar at all, and where Jews of the synagogue reach every kind of office at least twice as easily as Roman Catholics. There is here, as in Germany, a philosophic distrust of the influence the Jewish mind, which is very separate, may exert on politics, journalism, and theology; but it is not a popular dislike, properly so called. If it were, it would be exhibited at the hustings.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

THAT time of year thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold;
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love
more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SHAKESPEARE.